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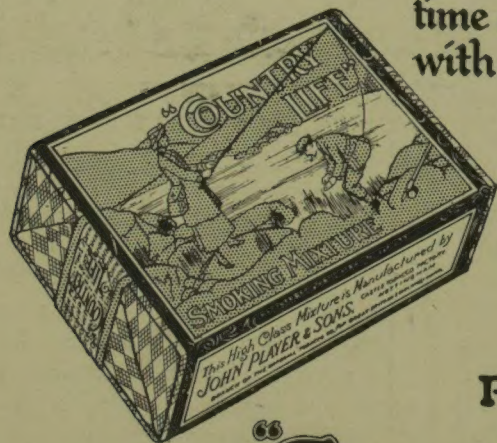
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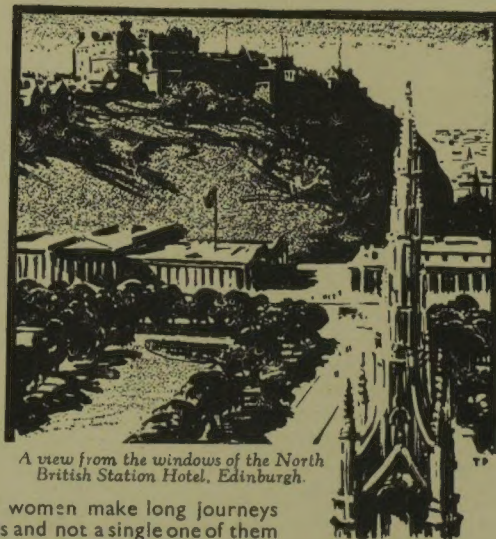
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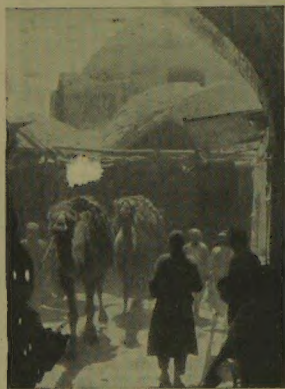
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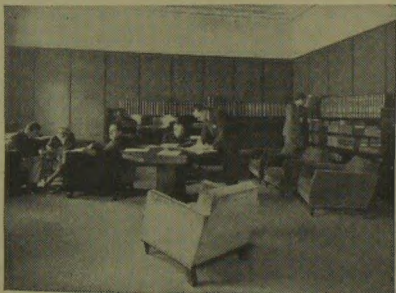


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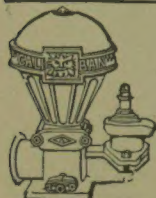
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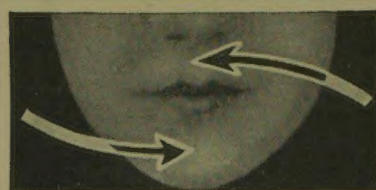
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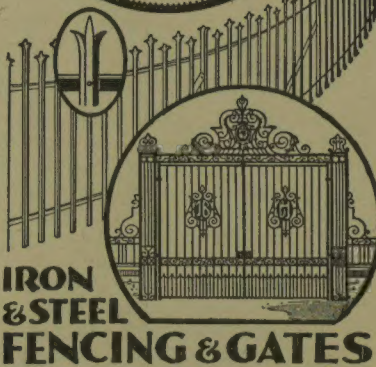


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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

IT seems hardly credible to this generation of electricity-users in all sorts of ways that the ordinary electric accumulator celebrated its jubilee this month. Yet, although the Frenchman, M. Planté, discovered in 1860 the lead and lead peroxide battery, it was not until 1882 that the improved Faure accumulator became a commercial proposition. Herr Volkmar discovered other improvements, and England adopted them by the foundation of the Electrical Power Storage Company, which was registered on March 21, 1882. By June it had become a serious business, and has continued to progress from that date to the present, when it belongs to the great National Accumulator combination of the principal battery-makers in Great Britain.

I well remember those early days of the accumulator as a portable electricity plant, and both motorists and wireless enthusiasts can be thankful for the reliability and long life of the present-day cell, as compared with the batteries of the end of the nineteenth century. At the same time, it was a very graceful compliment, much appreciated by all the veteran users of batteries, to be asked by Sir Archibald Gold and his fellow directors of the E.P.S. Company to their jubilee luncheon celebration at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, London, on June 8. On that occasion there were present Col. R. E. Crompton, C.B., the doyen of the electrical industry; Sir Hugo Hirst, to whom great Britain owes its carbon factory for arc lights, which saved us during the Great War; Mr. W. McClelland, C.B., engineer-in-chief to the Admiralty; Col. Sir Thomas F. Purves, the chief engineer of the Post Office; Mr. H. N. Gresley, C.B.E., chief mechanical engineer of the London and North-Eastern Railway; his "opposite number," Mr. R. E. L. Maunsell, C.B.E., of the Southern Railway; besides prominent motorists such as Sir Percival Perry, Col. A. Hacking, D.S.O., Major A. J. Hurst, of the Air Ministry, and Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, of Rolls-Royce.

Sir Hugo Hirst retold his celebrated story of the first battery-propelled motor-car, a dog-cart for an Indian Rajah. The purchaser's representative insisted that this electric car should travel a mile from Hyde

Park Corner to the City as an acceptance test. In that test Mr. Hirst (as he was then) was deputed to carry the red flag before the self-propelled road-machine, as was compulsory by law at that time. Although the distance to be travelled by the car was only one mile, Sir Hugo, amid roars of laughter, related that he must have run at least five miles backwards and forwards in looking for the car supposed to be following him. As I know only too well, even in 1894, ten years after that episode, batteries did not always give out that power which one expected from them; and so one can imagine the anxiety of the driver of the dog-cart, hoping for the best. I am glad to record however, that the battery and the electrical equipment stood up to the test, even if its speed was a trifle on the slow side, so that this electric dog-cart was accepted.

Electric accumulators made at Dagenham by the combined firm of Pritchett and Gold and the Electric Power Storage Company are wonderfully efficient in their output, as I noted during a recent inspection of these works. Also, it is now a safe industry, due to better methods of manufacturing processes, whereas in the past it was a dangerous one to its employees. Quite recently Prince George visited this factory, and inspected all its departments under the guidance of Mr. G. R. N. Minchin, Mr. C. R. D. Pritchett, and that veteran motorist, Mr. William Peto, directors. They presented their oldest employee, who had been making their accumulators for forty-six out of the fifty years' existence of the firm. This, indeed, was a practical testimony of the healthy conditions of employment. I asked this old man how he accounted for his health amid so many chances of lead poisoning. "Cleanliness," he replied, "and regular habits." And that is the secret of the present immunity in this factory from cases of lead poisoning. Baths are always available for the employees, and no lead dust can penetrate the glass screen which masks their faces, so no lead can get into their lungs.

### 1000-Miles' Riley Victory.

Nothing pleased me better than seeing Mrs. E. Wisdom and Miss Joan Richmond win the 1000-miles' handicap race at Brooklands on June 4, when they finished, in their Riley "Nine," nearly three minutes ahead of Mr. A. O. Saunders-Davies, the lone

driver of the Talbot, who was second, and who had given them nearly one-and-a-half hours' start. The reason for rejoicing was twofold. Our British cars in this very gruelling two-day race showed their superiority in standing up under terrific high-speed strains for fourteen hours, while the bigger foreign cars "packed up." Secondly, there are lots of girls driving to-day—and driving very well in all parts of the world—and these two women have proved to everybody that English cars can be as easily handled by their sex as by men. The winning Riley "Nine" averaged for the 1000 miles a speed of 84.41 miles an hour, covering the 400 laps of the course in 12 hours 23 min. 53 sec. running time. Saunders-Davies' three-litre Talbot averaged over the 1000-miles' distance a speed of 95.43 miles per hour—a first-class performance, and driven by himself without any help or change of driver. That in itself is a testimony to the non-tiring qualities of Talbot cars over rough roads, as Brooklands is no smooth track at high speeds. But for a split petrol-tank, I think Norman Black and R. Gibson, who shared the driving of a supercharged M.G. Midget, might have won, as they led the field until this, their only trouble, took place on the first day. By soap and other mixtures applied externally this car finished the course, but its frequent halts to refill the tank to replace petrol lost every yard the car travelled caused it to finish several laps behind the winner, at an average speed of 75½ miles an hour. That speed in itself was pretty wonderful for a 745-c.c. engine. Only seven cars finished: three Talbots, which deservedly won the team prize; two Rileys; and two M.G. supercharged Midgets. Actually there were eighteen cars running on the track as the winner passed the post. The race-course was closed half an hour after the third car—the M.G.—finished, leaving eleven cars with uncompleted laps to finish, so only seven cars participated in the prize awards. The three Talbots won most of the trophies, taking the most sought-after Team Trophy, second prize in the race itself, and first, second, and third places in their International Class 4 (over 2000 c.c. and up to 3000 c.c.). The Rileys won the first prize in the race, and the first and second awards in their 1100-c.c. Class 7. The two M.G. Midgets won third prize in the race, and first and second in Class 8 (up to 750 c.c.).



## Too tired for Fairy Tales

### HOT WATER

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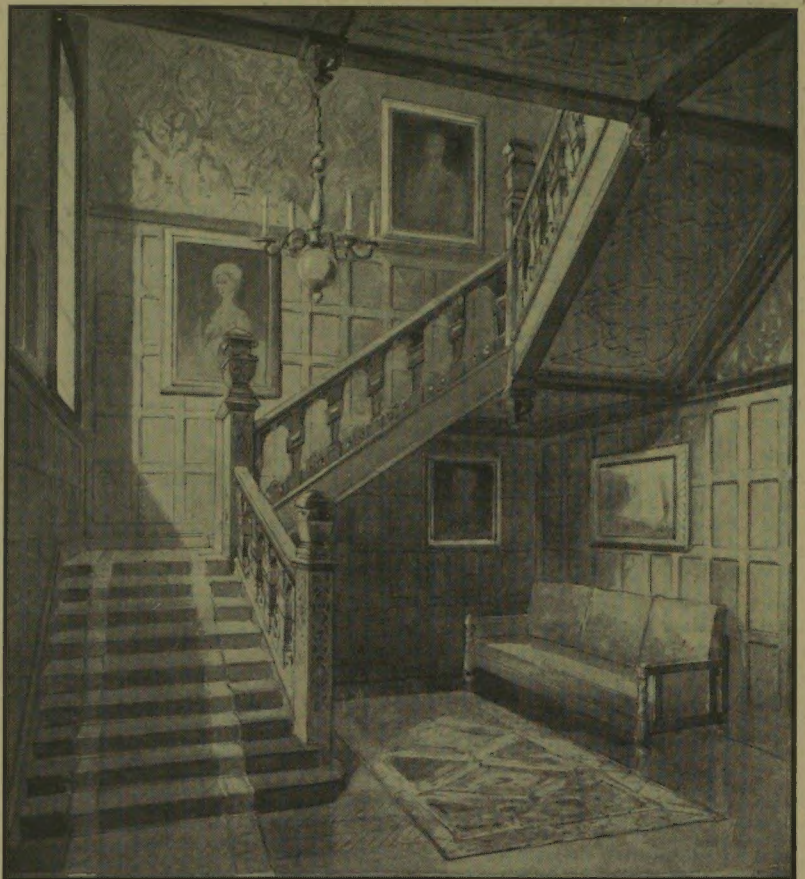
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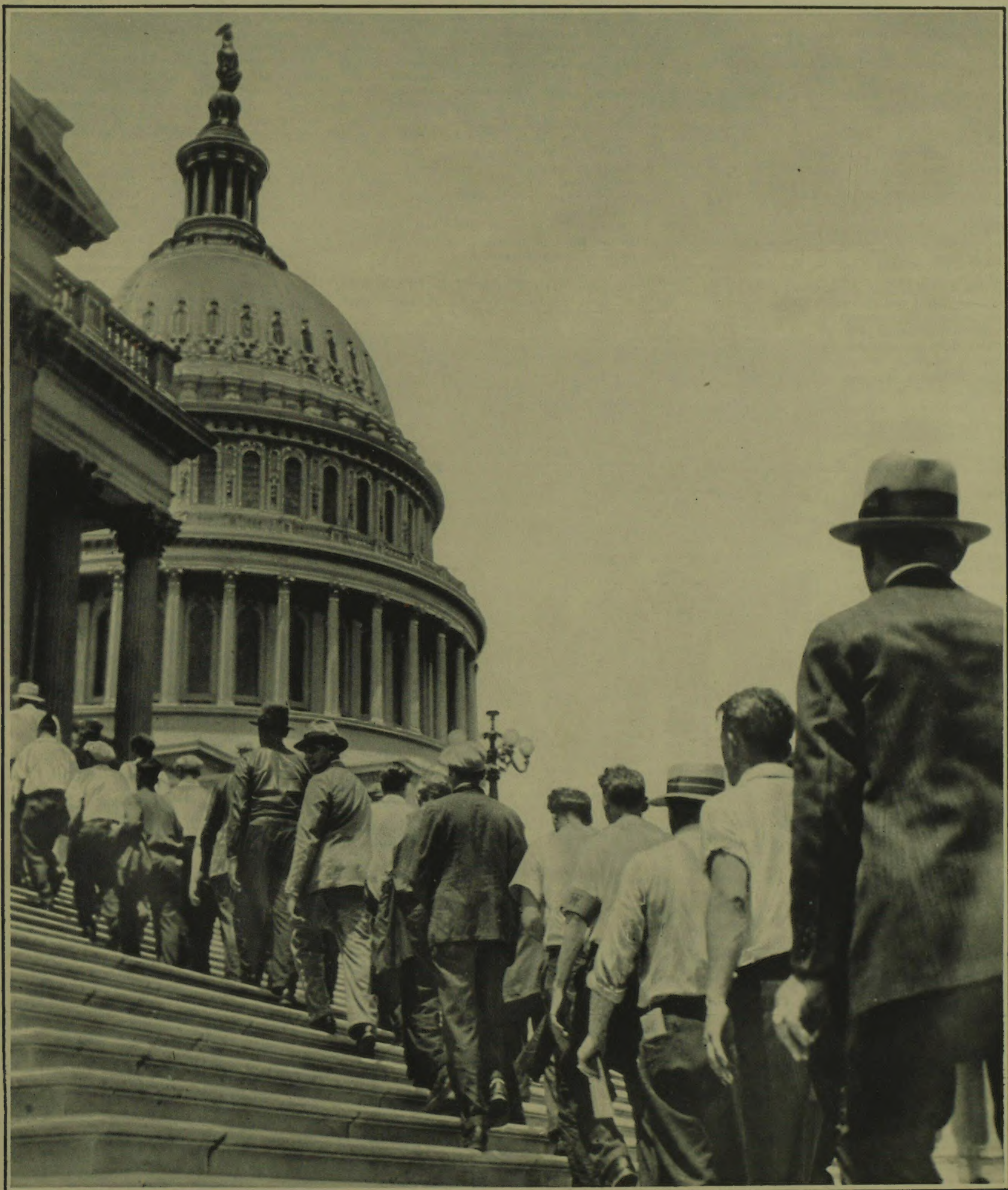
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1932.



THE "BONUS BRIGADE" IN WASHINGTON: U.S. WAR VETERANS MARCHING UP THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.

Grave concern was caused in the United States by the march of the "Bonus Brigade" of ex-Service men on Washington, to demand that Congress should authorise the payment of war bonuses to the extent of £400,000,000. The movement began about three weeks ago on the Pacific coast, and afterwards spread to many other parts of the country. Contingents gathered at various centres and converged on the capital, travelling in any way they could—by lorry or on foot, begging a lift from motorists, or stealing rides on goods trains.

They seriously interfered with railway traffic. It was reported recently that there were already over 30,000 men in Washington, sworn not to leave until their demands were granted, and that 80,000 more were approaching. On June 6 the "Bonus Brigade" marched in military formation to the Capitol. On June 13 the House of Representatives approved immediate consideration of the Veterans Bonus Bill, but not by a majority sufficient to pass it if vetoed by the President. Further photographs appear on page 987.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE disadvantage of men not knowing the past is that they do not know the present. History is a hill or high point of vantage from which alone men see the town in which they live or the age in which they are living. Without some such contrast or comparison, without some such shifting of the point of view, we should see nothing whatever of our own social surroundings. We should take them for granted, as the only possible social surroundings. We should be as unconscious of them as we are, for the most part, of the hair growing on our heads or the air passing through our lungs. It is the variety of the human story that brings out sharply the last turn that the road had taken, and it is the view under the arch of the gateway which tells us that we are entering a town.

Yet this sense of the past is curiously patchy among the most intelligent and instructed people, especially in modern England. Among a hundred such scraps and snippets, I saw this morning a literary competition in an exceedingly highbrow weekly, a prize being awarded for a conversation between a modern interviewer and St. George. And I was struck by the fact that clever, and even brilliant, contributors missed much of the point, even about the modern interviewer, by missing the point about the ancient saint. I am not setting up as an authority on either. I am not pretending to be learned; nor is there here any question of learning. It is a question of quite superficial information, but of information that is fairly well spread over the whole surface. I have not been right slap-bang through "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" lately, any more than had Mr. Silas Wegg; I have not read every word of the "Acta Sanctorum" within the last week or so; I have not even read very closely the relatively modern romance of "The Seven Champions of Christendom." I have nothing but general information; but it is fairly general. What surprises me in people younger, brighter, and more progressively educated than myself is that their general information is very patchy.

Now, it is unfair to say that they know nothing about St. George, because it may fairly be answered that there is nothing to be known about St. George. In one sense, nobody knows who St. George was; we only know who he was not. The only clear and solid fact about him is that he certainly was *not* what Gibbon said he was; the contractor of Cappadocia. He was merely recorded as a common soldier of the legions martyred with multitudes under Diocletian; nor is there any particular reason to doubt that he was. All the rest is legend, though legend is often very valuable to history. And I mean by general information the sense of the life in legends; how they grow; where they come from; why they remain. I know what saints were supposed to be; what patron saints were supposed to do; how they often did it for the most diverse groups ages after their death; how other saints besides George dealt with dragons; how other nations besides England invoked St. George; how the saints were before the knights; how the knights were before the nations; and so on. In short, I have picked up quite crudely what Mr. Wells calls an Outline of History; but a more scientifically educated generation still

seems to have only snippets of history: the lie out of Gibbon; the legend about the dragon; the phrase "St. George for Merry England," and such isolated items. The result is a curious sort of narrowness, even about the problem of the present or the immediate past. For instance, one quite intelligent contributor apparently identified "St. George" as somebody supposed to have lived in "Merry England," and explained that his period (whatever it was supposed to be) was not really merry, because there was a great deal of mud in the streets, or people lived in mud hovels. Apart from everything else, I call it narrow for a man to suppose that Mud is the opposite of Merriment. Did he never make any mud-pies? Was he not much merrier making them than contributing to intellectual weeklies?

But the essential point is this. Everybody thought the joke must be found in showing how unlike

Suppose, for instance, that the soldier George had read some of the satires on fashionable society that were produced in that old Pagan world. He would find fact after fact and fashion after fashion exactly parallel to our own. He would find Juvenal making fun of fashionable ladies who join in masculine sports or adventures in a spirit of self-advertisement. The Roman satirist describes how grand Roman ladies would appear as gladiators in the arena, sacrificing not only modesty, but the manners of their rank, in order to be in the limelight. That exact fashionable blend of Feminism and Publicity did really exist in the real epoch of the real St. George: almost exactly as it exists to-day. Or suppose the Roman soldier read the religious and philosophical literature circulating through the Roman Empire. He would find all that we call New Religions now already called New Religions then. He would find idealists who were Vegetarians, like Apollonius of Tyana; theosophists

who had learned all about Reincarnation from Brahmins and Hindu seers; prophets of the Simple Life in the drawing-rooms of duchesses, talking about the secrets of health, wealth, and wisdom; promises of a new Universal Religion, which should include all beliefs without any particular belief in any of them. If the real original St. George did find himself interviewed by a modern newspaper man, he would think that hardly anything in the newspaper was new. He would not think primarily that he had come into a strange world, far away from dragons and princesses and mediæval armour. He would think he had got back into the old bewildered and decaying world of the last phase of Paganism, loud with denials of religion and louder with the howlings of superstition. Certainly he would find himself in a world in which it was possible to say much of what the Pagan philosophers and much of what the Christian Fathers said of those original Last Days. But I will not push the enquiry so far as to ask whether, in this epoch or in that, there was anything particular for the Saint to do, except to die.



THE CONFERENCE IN LONDON ON THE QUESTION OF IRELAND AND THE OATH: MR. DE VALERA AND MR. S. T. O'KELLY (RIGHT) LEAVING DOWNING STREET AFTER THE MEETING.

A conference between representatives of the United Kingdom Cabinet and Mr. de Valera took place at No. 10, Downing Street on June 10. The question at issue was discussed at length, but in the evening it was officially announced that no agreement had been reached. On June 13 Mr. J. H. Thomas said in the House of Commons that a debate on Ireland had been definitely fixed for June 17.

St. George's time was to ours. I think it would be a much better joke to show how extremely like St. George's time was to ours. But the writers are hampered in this by being extremely vague about what was St. George's time. Now, a man in the later Roman Empire, like George the Martyr, would have seen all round him an ancient world that was astonishingly like the modern world. Whether or no Merry England was a suitable phrase for mediævalism, whether or no mediævalism was all mud, it is quite certain that the Empire of Diocletian was not all mud. Imperial Rome was not all mud, but all marble, all mortar and massive building, all pipes and tanks and engineering, all sorts of elaborate equipments of luxury or hygiene. And among all those palatial baths and towering aqueducts, George would probably be thinking pretty much what many an intelligent man is thinking now—that man does not live by soap alone; and that hygiene, or even health, is not much good unless you can take a healthy view of it—or, better still, feel a healthy indifference to it.

#### NOTICE TO AMERICAN FIRMS.

It has again been brought to our notice that certain individuals have been seeking to obtain money from several firms in the United States of America on the ground that they represent *The Illustrated London News*, and that they are able to arrange for the publication in that paper of articles and photographs dealing with their businesses. In some cases the money has been obtained on the understanding that it was to be regarded as a subscription payment for copies of *The Illustrated London News*. We may state that any such arrangements are entirely contrary to the policy of a paper of the high standing of *The Illustrated London News*. All persons claiming to represent *The Illustrated London News* for either purpose should be discredited. Herewith we give warning that no one should be accepted as acting for *The Illustrated London News* who does not possess the fullest credentials signed by the Managing Director or the Editor-in-Chief, on our official headed note-paper. For the purposes of reference, we may state that the names of the Managing Director and Editor-in-Chief are, respectively, G. J. Maddick and Bruce S. Ingram.



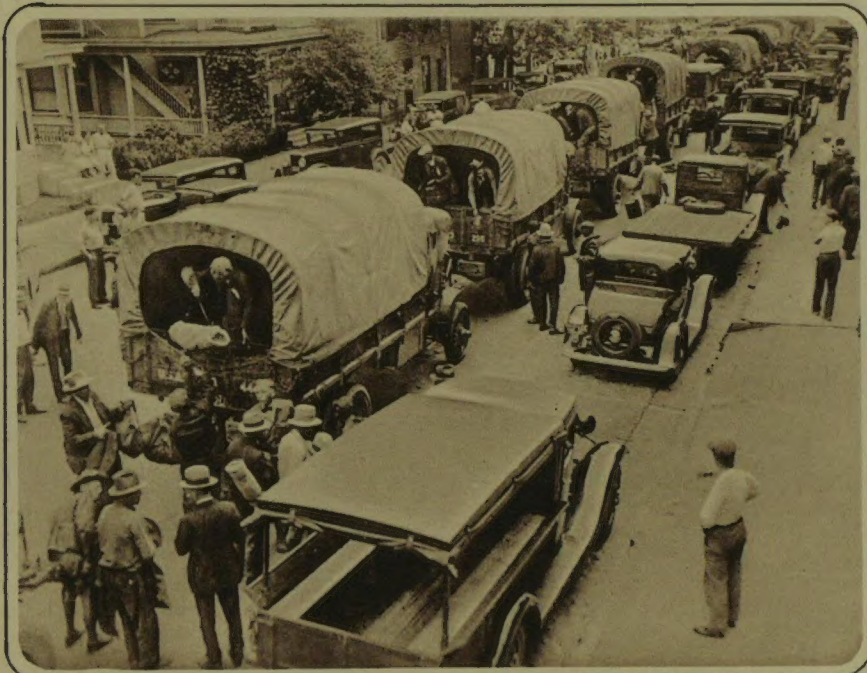
# U.S. WAR VETERANS DEMAND £400,000,000 : THE "BONUS BRIGADE" CONVERGING ON WASHINGTON.



AT WASHINGTON: "BONUS CITY"—THE CAMP OF UNITED STATES EX-SERVICE MEN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CAPITAL, WHICH THEY REFUSED TO LEAVE TILL THEIR DEMANDS WERE GRANTED.



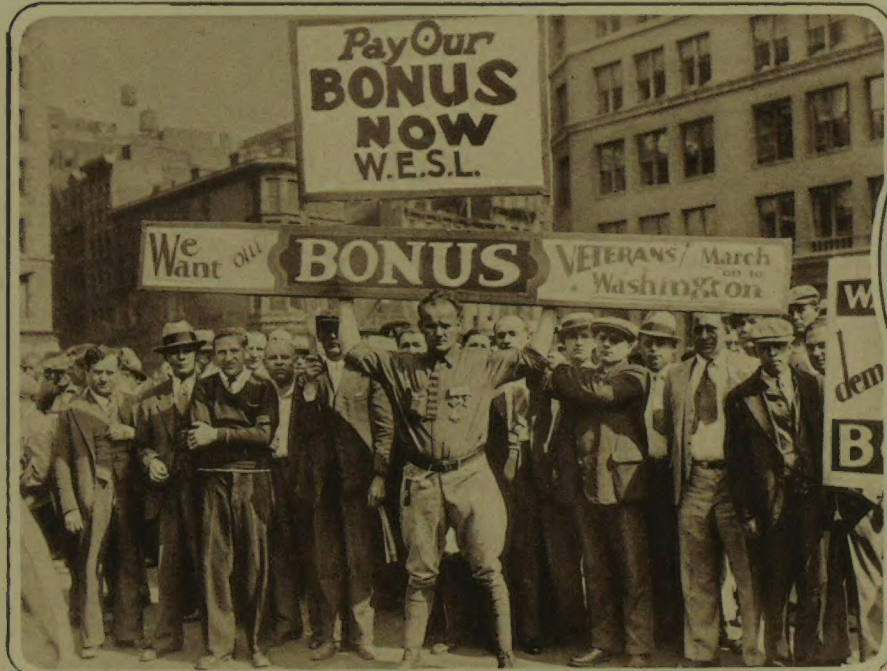
IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, WHERE 1000 MEN OF THE "BONUS BRIGADE" WERE EJECTED FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD YARD: WAR VETERANS, WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES, ON A COMMANDEERED ENGINE.



AT AURORA, INDIANA: "BONUS" MARCHERS CHANGING FROM INDIANA NATIONAL GUARD LORRIES TO THOSE OF THE OHIO HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT, WHEN THE AUTHORITIES AGREED TO FACILITATE THEIR JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.



AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN: A CHEERING CROWD OF "BONUS" MARCHERS PACKED IN OPEN TRUCKS PROVIDED BY THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, LEAVING FOR TOLEDO, OHIO, ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON.



IN NEW YORK: A DEMONSTRATION IN UNION SQUARE—"BONUS" MARCHERS WHO SHORTLY AFTERWARDS BOARDED A TRAIN FOR WASHINGTON AT JERSEY CITY, BUT WERE UNLOADED AT NEWARK, N.J.

On our front page we give some details of the great concentration at Washington of United States ex-Service men, known as the "Bonus Brigade" because they clamoured for a payment of bonus amounting to £400,000,000. Contingents converged on the capital from all parts of the country, and frequently dislocated railway traffic, or clashed with the police through trying to commandeer trains.

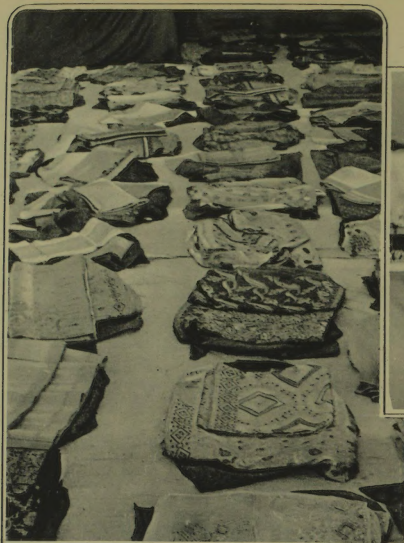


IN WASHINGTON, WHERE THE FEEDING AND HOUSING OF THE THOUSANDS OF UNEMPLOYED VETERANS BECAME A SERIOUS PROBLEM: "BONUS BRIGADE" MEN BEING SERVED AT A FIELD KITCHEN.

In some places the authorities deemed it advisable to facilitate their journey to Washington. Describing a "Bonus Brigade" procession in that city, a "Times" correspondent said, on June 8: "Eight thousand weary and dispirited men tramped their allotted length of road. They were in military formation, but in very unmilitary dishevelment. The forlorn encampment on the outskirts of the city has thrown up leaders... trying to forge this destitute band into a sort of unit which can resist the forces of dissolution. Last night was chill; many slept under the stars without blankets. And each hour brought reinforcements."



# A PUNJAB WEDDING ENTAILING OVER A WEEK OF THE COURT OF THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA AT THE MARRIAGE



AN OUTFIT A DAY FOR A YEAR: AN EXHIBITION OF THE BRIDE'S PRESENTS FROM HER FATHER; THE TROUSSEAU, WHICH CONSISTED OF 365 INDIAN DRESSES.



AN ODDBLY DECORATIVE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT BY WHICH SIGNALS WERE GIVEN INSIDE THE PALACE TO ANNOUNCE THE BEGINNING OF EACH CEREMONY: THE OLD-FASHIONED HORN; CONSTANTLY IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WEEK'S CELEBRATIONS.

Marriage ceremonies differ so widely the world over that the study of their quaint varieties is one of considerable interest and importance in ethnology. Man has evolved numberless ways by which to enter into matrimony, ranging from the simplicity of abduction to the sophisticated formalities of the register office. In the elaboration of ritual the East is supreme; and the ceremonial illustrated by these remarkable photographs, which were taken at the Court of the Maharajah, can surely not be paralleled elsewhere for length, magnificence, and complexity. The occasion was the wedding of the ruler of the Feudatory State of Patna, in Behar and Orissa, to the daughter of H.H. the Maharajah of Patiala, which was celebrated at the latter's Court. The Maharajah of Patiala is head of the Sikh community in India, and in 1926 succeeded the Maharajah of Bikaner as Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes. Before the actual wedding took place ceremonies in the Palace were continued for more than a week. These ceremonies were strictly subject to "purdah," and, besides the priests, the Maharajah



THE BANQUET OF THE RAJPUTS: MEMBERS OF THE WARRIOR CASTE AT THE WEDDING FEAST—WHERE, IT WILL BE NOTICED, MODERN ELECTRIC FANS TOOK THE PLACE OF THE OLD HAND-WORKED PUNKAS.

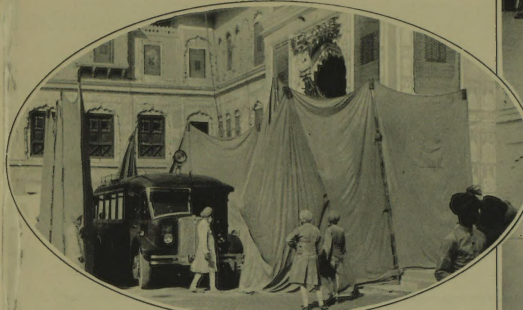


THE ENCLOSURE RESERVED FOR EUROPEAN LADIES; WITH A DAUGHTER OF THE MAHARAJAH ACTING AS HOSTESS (RIGHT); AND, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE RED TENT WHERE THE PRINCIPAL SERVICE WAS CELEBRATED BEHIND CLOSED CURTAINS.



A POINT OF ETIQUETTE: SERVANTS OF THE BRIDEGROOM TAKING OFF THEIR SHOES AT THE PALACE ENTRANCE, WHICH THEY HAD TO DO WITHOUT LETTING GO OF THE GIFTS WHICH THEY WERE BEARING FROM THEIR MASTER.

# SECRET CEREMONIES SUBJECT TO "PURDAH": OF HIS HIGHNESS'S DAUGHTER TO AN INDIAN PRINCE.



A FORMALITY NECESSITATED BY THE STRICT "PURDAH" KEPT AT THE COURT OF PATIALA: THE MOTOR-BUS OF THE LADIES-IN-WAITING STANDING BETWEEN THE "PURDAH" CURTAINS TO ALLOW THE WOMEN TO ENTER IT UNOBSERVED.



A PHOTOGRAPH SUCH AS IN ALL PROBABILITY HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN TAKEN BY A EUROPEAN PHOTOGRAPHER: FEMALE GUESTS OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES OF PATIALA WITHIN THE WOMEN'S PALACE.



PRESENTS FROM THE BRIDEGROOM, RULER OF THE FEUDATORY STATE OF PATNA, TO THE BRIDE; TRADITION REQUIRING THAT THE FRUIT OF THE BRIDEGROOM'S COUNTRY SHOULD BE PROMINENT AMONG HIS GIFTS.

and his eldest son were the only men allowed to be present, not even the bridegroom being admitted. During the principal ceremonial days, while the priests were performing the rites inside the women's palace, all the ministers, officers, and civil servants of rank, in full durbar dress, had to remain patiently outside. and while away the time in the courtyards and gardens. Their period of waiting was only broken by their meals, and by occasional performances of the State dancing girls and of a couple of native bands. Special attention may be drawn to the photograph which shows the motor-bus standing between the "purdah" curtains. In these days many Indian Maharajas have their own cars, while their ladies-in-waiting are often allotted motor-buses for their exclusive use. But, in order that the "purdah" may remain complete, the bus is fitted with special stained windows to prevent anyone looking in, and the chauffeur's seat is screened from the interior by a wooden partition. Considerable relaxation of "purdah" conventions has been noticeable in India during recent years.



JEWELLERY, WHICH, BESIDES FRUITS, TRADITION ALLOWS TO BE PRESENTED: GIFTS FROM THE BRIDEGROOM TO THE BRIDE.

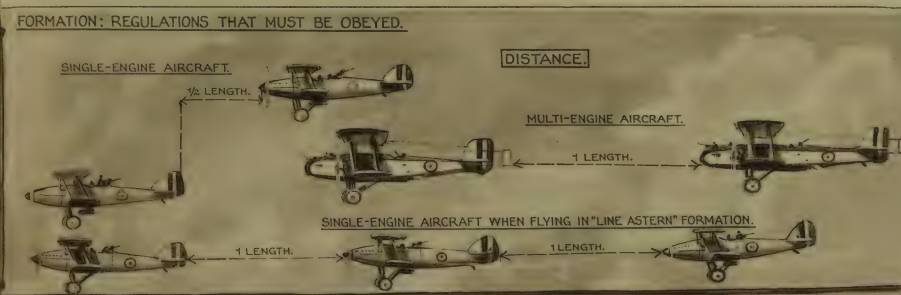
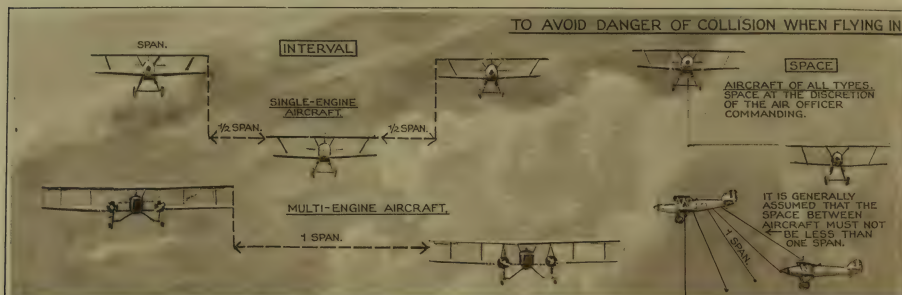


THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDEGROOM, RULER OF PATNA, WITH HIS SUITE: A BRIDEGROOM WHO DOES NOT SEE HIS BRIDE BEFORE THE WEDDING CEREMONIES, AND EVEN THEN ONLY DEEPLY VEILED.



"GUARDS' DRILL" IN THE AIR: MIRACLES OF PRECISION IN FORMATION FLIGHTS FOR THE AIR FORCE DISPLAY.

FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE AIR MINISTRY



ON PARADE IN CLOUDLAND: WONDERFUL FIGHTING FORMATIONS OF THE ROYAL

A popular feature of the R.A.F. Display arranged for Saturday, June 25, at Hendon Aerodrome, is the wonderful Air Drill, in which day bombers of Nos. 18, 33, and 57 Squadrons go through intricate evolutions in perfect formation, with a precision worthy of the Guards. Formation flying was originally introduced into the R.A.F. as the result of war experience. Fighter aircraft adopted the method of flying in formation as a concentration of force. Bomber aircraft used formation flying for tactical defence, for it was found that the only practical protection for bombers was their own formation. It was found that, with aeroplanes flying in formation, each is protected not only by its own gun, but also by those of the rest. This plan was found so effective in the later stages of the war that the only chance of success for enemy single-seater fighters was to hang on the tail of the formation and hope for some straggler. Therefore, to struggle was to court disaster. Since the war a vast amount of thought, experiment, and training has been given to the improvement of flying together. Though the machines must keep close to each other, they must remain at a safe distance. Therefore the R.A.F. regulations lay down

AIR FORCE TO BE SEEN IN THE FORTHCOMING DISPLAY AT HENDON AERODROME.

minimum intervals between aircraft flying in formation, and these regulations are rigorously enforced. Though formations must not be so open as to render them liable to attack or cause excessive petrol consumption, yet, whilst close formation has great defensive power and manoeuvrability, it must not be so close that all the pilots, except the leader, concentrate chiefly on keeping station. Formations must be sufficiently flexible to meet the conflicting demands of look-out and manoeuvrability. Though many more complicated manœuvres than those illustrated will be seen at the Display, we are enabled to illustrate four of the first time the chief fighting formations. The Hawker "Harts" that will actually give the display at Hendon are seen in our illustrations of "Flight-Line Ahead," "Flight Echelon Right," and "Flight Star." Other famous fighting aircraft shown are the "Fury" (the fastest single-seater fighters in the R.A.F.), chiefly represented in "Flight Echelon Left-Up," "Buildups" (single-seater fighters) appear in "Flight Vic," whilst "Atlas," Faireys, and "Sidestranders" are other first-line aircraft depicted. All commands are normally repeated and communicated by wireless telephony.



# "TO LIVE WITHIN A CAVE, IT IS MOST GOOD."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"CAVING": By Dr. E. A. BAKER.\*

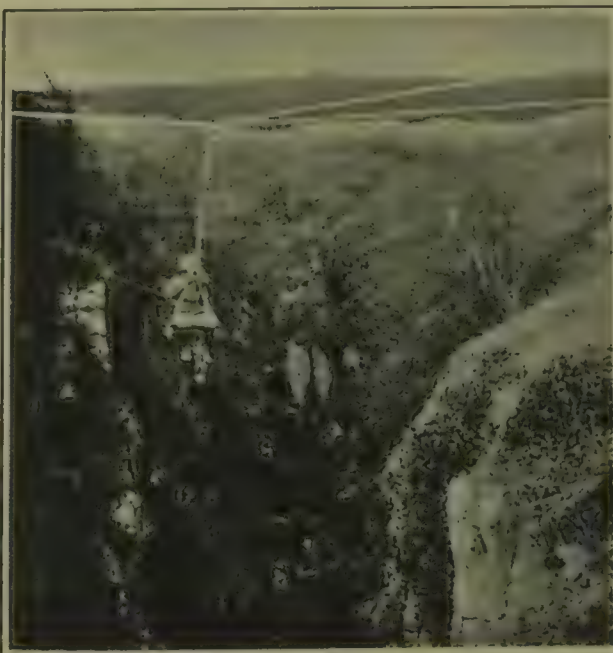
(PUBLISHED BY CHAPMAN AND HALL.)

ALMOST everyone feels, or has felt, the lure of caves; they appeal to the imagination much as hidden treasure does. But I suppose that out of a hundred people who would read with passionate interest of the lost gold at Cuzco, not one would be prepared to start off in search of it. What delights the imagination is the accomplished fact. On the arm-chair treasure-seeker the practical details of the quest exercise little fascination; it is the find itself, the moment when the hiding-place—probably a cave—gives up its age-long secret, that fires his fancy.

And it is the same with the sport, or science, which Dr. Baker, borrowing the word coined by M. Martel, most distinguished of French "cave-men," calls "speleology." At the end of "Caving" we find four pages left blank "for notes on caverns discovered by the reader." It would be interesting to know how many readers will record their discoveries on these virgin sheets. Not many, I suspect. But I feel sure that the other pages—the pages which are covered with the author's scholarly and delightful prose, the pages on which are reproduced so many admirable photographs of the bowels of the earth—will afford delight to thousands. It is better, one is often told, to travel hopefully than to arrive. This is a comforting maxim to the ordinary person, but not to the mountaineer or to him who follows the kindred sport of "caving"—"mountaineering reversed," as someone wittily defined it. To arrive within sight of the summit of a mountain, to dangle three feet above the lowest floor of a cave, must be a maddening experience. And the reader, who yearns above all things for his author's success, feels his disappointment keenly.

Happily, "Caving," though one of the most modest records of physical prowess and endurance that I know, is also an almost uninterrupted catalogue of successes. There are many caves and pot-holes which Dr. Baker has had to leave unexplored; but those which have beaten him, which have refused to yield to his persuasive "Open Sesame," are few and far between. Caving is not an

slung from a windlass, the safeguard of a life-line will not be neglected... a telephone will be no mere luxury; and if there is a heavy waterfall to be wrestled with, whistles and such-like may prove futile, and directions will have to be given by means of revolver shots... To die in a hole is proverbially the most gloomy way of quitting this



A DEEP, OPEN POT-HOLE IN THE LIMESTONE HILLS BEHIND CASTLETON, IN THE HIGH PEAK: DESCENDING ELDEN HOLE IN A BOSUN'S CHAIR SUSPENDED FROM A CABLE AND PULLEY.

The author's first two descents into Elden Hole were attended by mischances which nearly caused loss of life. On the second occasion the tackle looped itself round a projecting rock and brought it down, narrowly missing the bosun's chair.

vale of tears. Fortunately, no speleologist has ever met with what might fittingly be described as 'sudden death.'

The cave-bearing districts of the British Isles are "the limestone regions of Somerset, Derbyshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, parts of Wales, and the southern, western, and northern margins of the central plain of Ireland." In Somerset the Cheddar Caves are the best known, but Wookey Hole has the longest history. "There is no spot in Britain with a longer record of continuous habitation than Wookey Hole." Even its name, which is a corruption of the Celtic word *Ogof*, a cave, testifies to this. But the "cave village" of Wookey, though still a happy hunting-ground for the archaeologist and anthropologist, has already been charted and explored. Dr. Baker is by no means indifferent to the scientific aspects of caving. He does not regard the eccentric behaviour of the earth's crust simply as a means of satisfying the sporting instinct. His account of the geological formations which gave rise to caves and pot-holes is sufficiently detailed to educate the layman and satisfy the expert; and the illustrations, though often designed to exhibit the awfulness of Nature, also portray the beauties of her craftsmanship: stalagmites and stalactites, vaulted chambers scooped out of the rock with almost as much regularity as if the hand of man, and not the action of water, had been at work there. Nevertheless, it is for the general reader that Dr. Baker writes, not for the student; and the general reader wants to be thrilled by tales of danger and difficulty; wants, for instance, to be initiated into the mysteries of Gaping Ghyll Hole.

"Gaping Ghyll Hole drops 364 feet sheer into a chamber in which one of our larger cathedrals might be re-erected. To light this hall of Eblis, the hole itself opens like a rugged window in the black roof, and through it everlastingly descend the waters of two large streams, beaten to a cloud of spray by the height of the fall. Martel made his descent in 1895 by an enormous rope ladder, and the feat has been repeated. But a better way is to use a winch and a wire rope, by which method, if all goes well, the explorer is lowered to the bottom in about ten seconds and hoisted to the surface again in the same number of minutes. Both sensations are unique in their way, and can be strongly recommended as a cure for jaded nerves... The one unimaginable moment is when utter darkness is suddenly quitted, and a little way off the great rocky shaft is revealed, and the waterfall pouring down it in torrents of liquid light." One is not surprised to learn that "Gaping Ghyll on Ingleborough has been from time immemorial an object of dread."

Devotees of sport will stop at nothing to satisfy their craving. In London, denied pot-holes and natural caverns,

Dr. Baker explored the sewers and the underground conduits of the Fleet. But he remarks: "we cannot recommend sewer work as a satisfactory substitute for caving."

The Londoner, however, is not entirely debarred the joys of speleology. At Grays, in Essex, and Bexley, in Kent, are to be found large groups of "dene holes," vertical shafts cut in the chalk, anything from twenty to a hundred feet deep. "The problem of the dene holes," says Dr. Baker, "has been a bone of contention among archaeologists ever since there were archaeologists in this country, and at times the contention becomes bloodthirsty." Some have claimed for these shafts a prehistoric origin. Others believe that they were used in Saxon times as places of refuge from the Danes—a theory to which their Essex name of "Dane Holes" lends some colour. But, as Dr. Baker observes, "a sorrier refuge from an enemy than a group of dene holes it would be hard to imagine; the foe would simply have to cover an entrance with stones or timber, or drop burning brushwood down the shaft, to have the inmates at his mercy." The theory that there were once underground cities at Grays and Bexley peopled by refugees cannot be taken seriously. Nor can we accept an alternative suggestion, that in primitive times they were used as store-houses for grain; Dr. Baker has descended some sixty dene holes and found no trace of grain. If, as the vaulted chambers leading out of them have suggested, they were prehistoric places of worship, why should there be "a hundred churches or pagan temples in the Bexley woods?" They are not likely to have been used as prisons, for a "nimble man" can climb out unaided. Dr. Baker's standards of nimbleness probably differ from ours; still, one sees the force of the argument. His conclusion is that the dene holes are probably chalk quarries of no very great antiquity; and, after exhaustive exploration, he formed the same opinion as to the origin of the famous Chislehurst Caves—a verdict resented bitterly by those who believed the caves to be an ancient habitation of the Druids.

Dene holes are a mere bagatelle; Dr. Baker soon conducts us to more arduous speleological undertakings in Northern and Southern Ireland. One of the most formidable of these is the descent of the Sumera, or Noon's Hole, on the hills north-west of Boho. "Sumera, in Irish, means an abyss, and the Irishman never thinks of an abyss except as one that is bottomless." Noon's Hole is actually the deepest of Irish pot-holes. It has its full share of the supernatural attributes attaching to such places, and a specially grisly reputation of its own; for it was into these gloomy depths that the Ribbonmen slung the informer, Dominick Noon. Martel had made an attempt on the Noon Hole, but got no further than 60 feet below the surface. Dr. Baker and his party took the precaution of holding up, with "three good dams," the stream that flows into the hole from the neighbouring bog. In spite of this he only succeeded in reaching the second of the two ledges which diversify the uncomfortable interior of the hole. A second expedition, however, managed to negotiate the third shaft and reach the bottom—"a dungeon-like place, 20 feet long by 6 wide, curving round into a tunnel, which we followed till we came to deep water touching the roof at a distance of 20 feet. Wingfield waded in and was prepared to swim, but a closer scrutiny dissuaded him."

No wonder! The occasions, however, on which the party turned back in the face of danger can be counted



A GHOSTLY APPARITION REVEALED BY THE CAMERA: THE HEAD IN THE WATER, WOOKEY HOLE, NEAR WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

The camera reveals a ghostly apparition in Wookey Hole. "Some chance accumulation of stones and sand, no doubt, had produced the similitude of half a face; the water, a perfect mirror, did the rest. Visage, kingly moustache, long flowing beard, stately tiara, are there."

enterprise to be undertaken lightly; the sportsman is not expected "to give the cave a chance"; all is fair in caving, as in love.

"The conditions are so formidable, so various, and so often incalculable that, to put it briefly, everything is allowed. Time, when there is the possibility of a rush of storm-water, is a factor as critical as in the race up a stone-swept couloir before the sun liberates the poised projectiles. Underground the weather-eye is blindfolded. Adventuring into the unknown, the cave-man must be prepared physically and mentally for any emergency. Caverns are of all shapes and all degrees of intricacy, and whether wet or dry present the most miscellaneous obstacles. The tackle and appliances required to overcome these will be equally various: Rope ladders, ropes and pulleys, and if necessary winches, will be employed whenever time, labour, and risk can be economised. All the precautions used by climbers in the mountains will be redoubled. Even on a rope ladder or a bosun's chair comfortably



PART OF AN EXTRAORDINARY UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH: A CHAMBER IN MITCHELSTOWN CAVE, IRELAND.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the Publishers of "Caving."

on the fingers of one hand. The final sections of the book show Dr. Baker investigating the recesses of caverns in France and Belgium. We hope that before long the author will give us another equally fascinating volume recording further speleological feats; the world is wide and there are still caves left to conquer.

\* "Caving." Episodes of Underground Exploration. By Ernest A. Baker, M.A., D.Litt. (Chapman and Hall: 15s.)



## DECIDING THE FATE OF NATIONS: A PRELUDE TO GENEVA AND LAUSANNE.



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND M. HERRIOT "THINKING ALOUD": THE BRITISH AND FRENCH PRIME MINISTERS AT VERSAILLES—  
DISCUSSING AFFAIRS IN THE GARDEN OF SIR CHARLES MENDEL'S VILLA.

By way of a preliminary to the renewed labours of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva and the equally vital Reparations Conference at Lausanne, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, and Sir John Simon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, arrived in Paris on June 11 in order to discuss with M. Herriot, the French Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, and his colleagues the respective points of view of Great Britain and France, both with regard to reparations and disarmament. This in the hope that a frank exchange of opinions would be of the utmost value and mean a stride forward in the matter of Central European restoration. On the Sunday Mr. Ramsay MacDonald said that the conversations had in no sense been official, but had rather been a

"kind of thinking aloud," in which both parties had endeavoured to determine how far they might hope to progress at Lausanne. Our photograph was taken on the afternoon of the same day, when M. Herriot drove Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon to Versailles. The scene is the garden of the villa of Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, at Versailles. Sir Charles, it may be added, is the Press Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir John Simon, and M. Herriot decided to travel to Geneva on the same train on June 13; and it was understood as we went to press that Mr. MacDonald, travelling by motor-car, would leave Geneva on June 16 for Lausanne, in order to attend the opening of the Conference on Reparations.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HOLIDAYS are fast approaching, and even the book-worm begins to raise his mouldy head above the soil to survey the surrounding landscape, considering where to go. Those whose thoughts turn to cars and motor-cruisers, rather than to pleasant burrowing in the garden of literature, will sometimes also consult books when planning a journey, either for inspiration as to route or for studying "places of interest."

For the holiday-maker contemplating an extended tour among French cities, with an eye to something beyond cookery and casinos, as well as for the art-lover (on holiday or at home), a magnificent book, abounding in beauty and interest, is "MEDIÆVAL SCULPTURE IN FRANCE," By Arthur Gardner, F.S.A. With 113 Illustrations in colotype and 498 half-tones in the Text (Cambridge University Press; £3 13s. 6d.). Here we have the first comprehensive text-book in English on the development of sculpture in France during the Middle Ages. "It is hoped," writes the author, "that this book will cater for the intelligent tourist as well as the student. An increasing number of Englishmen take a motor-trip in France as a holiday, and most of them will, no doubt, realise how much more interesting such an expedition may become if they stop to look at local antiquities. A little easily acquired knowledge of architecture and its accompanying arts will add enormously to the pleasure to be obtained from such visits, and the pursuit of a particular line of inquiry will give an additional zest."

How well Mr. Gardner has performed his task, a glance through these seductive pages will reveal. The vast array of illustrations in itself completely represents the mediæval mind on its religious side, while in the text the author seeks rather to explain the detail of each subject than to air his own knowledge by recollective allusions or comparisons. The general impression of the sculpture illustrated is one of extraordinary exuberance in design, with a Gallic grace and vivacity of expression (not excluding occasional humour) in the figures and faces on the heavenly side, while those of demons, as in the temptation of Potiphar's wife or frequent scenes of the Last Judgment, show fertile invention in the gruesome and the grotesque. Though my own acquaintance with French cathedrals is limited, as I look through this book I regret all the more that I could not have studied it when visiting such places as Rouen, Caen, Bayeux, and Coutances, and if ever such journeys fall to my lot again I shall certainly take it with me.

To exemplify Mr. Gardner's manner of treatment, I will cite one typical passage. Discussing carved capitals in the cathedral at Autun, he writes: "In all this work we find good examples of the story-telling power of the twelfth-century carvers. . . . The capitals at Autun, illustrating the legend of Simon Magus, are a case in point. The magician had challenged St. Peter and St. Paul to a competition in miracle-working: fitting wings to his shoulders, he sprang into the air, but the saints made the sign of the cross and he fell headlong. The Devil on the tower in the Temptation scene is a creation worthy of the Vézelay masters; and the scene of the Magi in bed, with an importunate angel poking them up to look at the star, is altogether delightful." The Magi are seen reposing all in the same bed, with their crowns on!

What Mr. Gardner does for French mediæval sculpture is done, on a smaller scale in *format* and illustration, but with a wider scope in variety of subject, in "A HISTORY OF ENGLISH ART IN THE MIDDLE AGES." By O. Elfrida Saunders. With Preface by Tancred Borenius, and 103 half-tone Illustrations (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 12s. 6d.). Omitting architecture, except as a chronological background, the author deals with illumination, wall painting, and panel painting; sculpture in stone and ivory, wood-work, metal-work, embroidery, enamelling, ceramic art, and stained glass. Professor Borenius points out that, owing to the iconoclastic activities of the Reformers in the sixteenth century and the Puritans in the seventeenth, English mediæval art is not so accessible as that of France or Germany, and has only of late years been properly appreciated. "Mediæval architecture," he writes, "is in no lack of appropriate hand-books; but up to now no one has dealt in a succinct and connected fashion with all other aspects of English mediæval art. Miss Saunders's book, therefore, fills a serious gap in art literature."

The writer just quoted reappears as the author of "ST. THOMAS BECKET IN ART." By Tancred Borenius, Professor of the History of Art in the University of London. With 44 Plates and 5 Text Illustrations (Methuen; 12s. 6d.). Although Becket has hardly been a prophet without honour in his own country, we do not perhaps realise how widely he has also been venerated abroad. "Numerous memorials," says Professor Borenius, "may be found to this day all over the Continent. . . . The martyred archbishop represents, indeed, England's principal contribution—and a highly important one—to mediæval iconography; the drama of his life stirred public imagination in the twelfth century. . . . Some day, perhaps, a book will be written dealing exhaustively with the cult of St. Thomas Becket from all its aspects." The publication of the present work is timely, in view of the production of Tennyson's play, "Becket," in the Chapter House of Canterbury Cathedral, announced for this week.

This very interesting and well-illustrated volume forms an excellent example of that "particular line of inquiry" which Mr. Gardner suggests the intelligent tourist might pursue. There must be other (if less celebrated) English worthies commemorated abroad who would provide British travellers with equally alluring materials for detection and research. How absorbing such a quest may be

The church tower is an integral part of our native landscape, and it is difficult to imagine an England lacking these familiar monuments of an ancient faith and age-old traditions. Mr. Allen has deserved well of his country in providing so rich a reminder of their imposing beauty. He does not include spires, and one might suggest that these should claim a companion work. Spires also have their own delicate charm, but the tower, standing "four-square to all the winds that blow," seems more symbolic of the national character. We speak of "a tower of strength," but the poet avoided the word in alluding to "petty spites of the village spire."

Towered churches are associated with two books of parochial history that follow next on my list. I assume, at least, that the church seen on the pictorial wrapper represents the actual building (not otherwise illustrated) connected with "THE PARSONS AND PARISH REGISTERS OF MEDMENHAM, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE." By Arthur H. Plaisted. With twelve Plates and eight Pen-drawings (Longmans; 15s.). From internal evidence I gather that the author is the present incumbent, and his remarks on the still subsisting value of the country parsonage as a focus of village life, and on the good influence often exercised by the parson's wife, are just now specially welcome and reassuring. Medmenham Abbey, of course, was once the home of the Hell Fire Club, but the allusions thereto are few and brief. Much of the book is a simple transcript from the registers, and of mainly local interest, but, as in all such records, there are curious sidelights on bygone social customs. As Mr. Plaisted puts it, we can here discern "the dry bones of village history, which imagination may clothe with radiance, if not with renown." The introductory chapters are brightly written, not without humour, or even an occasional touch of slang. Thus of one "village plutocrat" we read: "Now Edward was a solemn bird who took himself seriously."

A kindred work, wherein the "dry bones" of parochial records have been clothed with the flesh and blood of a continuous, and very readable, narrative, is "A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT PARISH OF GIGGLESWICK," which included the Townships of Giggleswick, Settle, Rathmell, Langcliffe and Stainforth (in the West Riding of Yorkshire). By Thomas Brayshaw and Ralph M. Robinson. With nineteen Illustrations and Sketch Map. Limited Edition (Halton; 17s. 6d.). The late Mr. Brayshaw was a distinguished local antiquary, and a Governor of Giggleswick School, whose growth is fully chronicled here. Mr. Robinson is the author of "The Penn Country and the Chilterns." In this connection it is noted that a Giggleswick Quaker, by name Stackhouse, sailed in the *Welcome* with William Penn and established a branch of his family in Pennsylvania.

The story of Giggleswick goes back to prehistoric times, as revealed by neighbouring caves, where remains were found of ancient elephant and other tropical beasts, with later traces of Neolithic man. In historical times the annals of the town are well worth study. That its church has a tower, by the way, appears from J. M. W. Turner's pencil drawing of 1808, included among the well-chosen illustrations.

From the same county emanates a little book on the life of a twelfth-century Yorkshire worthy—"SAINT AELRED OF RIEVAULX." By T. Edmund Harvey (Allenson; 3s. 6d.). The Abbey of Rievaulx was a famous house of the Cistercian Order, and Aelred became its Abbot. Here we learn how he was affected by the quarrel between Becket and Henry II., who threatened the Cistercians with confiscation because, in 1164, their Abbey at Pontigny, in France, had harboured the refractory archbishop. With this memoir of a north-country saint may fittingly be bracketed a charming little work of ecclesiastical topography in London—namely, "THE CITY SAINTS." By M. V. Hughes. With forty-five Drawings by Herbert E. Weller (Dent; 6s.). Mr. Hughes, who wields a lively pen, does not confine his interest to bygone days. "The City churches," he says, "are not 'relics of the past,' but are meeting the peculiar needs of the City to-day." The author has been fortunate in his illustrator, who lives up to a name of some repute for an extensive knowledge of London, though not perhaps peculiar to "sacred edifices." C. E. B.



THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WHICH WAS UNVEILED ON THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF ROSE DAY BY HER SON, THE KING: SIR ALFRED GILBERT'S BRONZE GROUP TYPIFYING FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

His Majesty the King unveiled the Memorial to Queen Alexandra on June 8—Rose Day. This Memorial is the visible sign of the nation's desire to honour the memory of Queen Alexandra. It bears the inscription: "Queen Alexandra, 1844-1925. A Tribute of the Empire's Love"; and it stands in a recess of the garden wall of Marlborough House, facing Friary Court. The moneys given by the people of the Empire amounted to £230,000. A small proportion of this sum was devoted to the Memorial, and the rest endows the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. On the following day, Alfred Gilbert, R.A., the sculptor, was received by the King, who conferred on him the honour of Knighthood.

can be gathered from Professor Borenius. "To me, personally," he writes, "the preoccupation with St. Thomas Becket has provided an intellectual companionship extending over several years. Merely to attempt to visualise the varied episodes of the eventful life of the proud Norman, in whom the warrior was but insufficiently merged into the archbishop—with the scene shifting to and from Canterbury and the fields and villages of Kent, the woods of Wiltshire, storm-tossed Channel passages, fair cities of France, whose very names are full of evocative power, and many other settings impossible to particularise—merely to attempt to visualise all this has been an experience of enormous fascination."

I notice that a report on the Care of Churches has just been issued by the Church Assembly Publications Board, recommending, among other useful advice, that a parish Book of Remembrance should be substituted for memorial tablets that disfigure church walls; that it is false economy not to employ an architect for repairs; and that in churchyards English stone should be used instead of foreign marble. This Report lends topical interest to a monumental and lavishly illustrated volume entitled "THE GREAT CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLAND." Chiefly of the Perpendicular Period. A Photographic Study of all the Principal Towers, with Critical Notes, Record of Architectural Details, and Exposition of the Principles of Tower Design. By Frank J. Allen, M.A., M.D., Cantab. With fifty-two Plates and fifty-nine other pages each containing one or more Illustrations (Cambridge University Press; 45s.).



## A DUTCH "PARADISE LOST": PICTURESQUE FISHERFOLK WHO MOURN THE DAMMING OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.



AN INDUSTRY WHOSE KNELL WAS SOUNDED WHEN THE ZUYDER ZEE WAS CUT OFF FROM THE NORTH SEA AND BECAME YSSEL LAKE: A FISHING-BOAT COMING INTO VOLENDAM.



DESTINED TO BECOME PEASANTS? A CHARMING GROUP FROM A FISHERMAN'S HOUSEHOLD AT SPAKENBURG, ON THE SOUTHERN SHORES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.



QUAINT COSTUMES WHICH SEEM CERTAIN TO DISAPPEAR WHEN THE FOLK HAVE TO TURN FROM FISHING TO FARMING: SUNDAY MORNING IN VOLENDAM, ON THE ZUYDER ZEE.



ON THE DYKE AT VOLENDAM—FATED TO MEET THE BEAT OF THE WAVES NO LONGER: SMALL GIRLS WEARING TRADITIONAL COSTUME.



ON THE ISLAND OF MARKEN—HENCEFORWARD NO LONGER A TRUE ISLAND: DAUGHTERS OF THE FISHERFOLK DESTINED TO GROW UP INTO PEASANTS.



FISHERS WHO FLEW FLAGS AT HALF-MAST FOR THEIR "LOST PARADISE" WHEN THE ZUYDER ZEE WAS CLOSED: IN "MAIN STREET," VOLENDAM.



PICTURESQUE COSTUMES WHICH MAY BE PROFOUNDLY AFFECTED BY THE COMING CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENT AND OCCUPATION ON THE ZUYDER ZEE: LITTLE GIRLS ON THE FORMER ISLAND OF MARKEN.



A RELIC OF THE DAYS WHEN THE ZUYDER ZEE WAS SUSCEPTIBLE TO STRONG CURRENTS AND TIDES: LITTLE GIRLS ON THE STOUT DYKE AT VOLENDAM.

part of a great land-reclamation scheme, was fully illustrated in our issue of June 4. As the North Sea was thus finally excluded, whistles sounded from all the tugs, barges, and pleasure boats around: while Queen Wilhelmina was immediately informed and telegraphed her congratulations. In spite of the general rejoicing, however, the people of the fishing villages on the erstwhile sea regard the closing as something of a tragedy. "During the ceremony," wrote a correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" at the time, "flags were flown at half-mast

THE closing of the last gap in the great dam which turns the Zuyder Zee into the "Yssel Lake," as

on the boats in the Zuyder Zee fishing harbours, where there is much unemployment." The older fisherfolk cannot grasp the fact that their children must turn into peasants; while the rising generation are equally unwilling to abandon fishing for farming. Thus, the conclusion of one of the most spectacular engineering undertakings of our time has its sad aspect. Another consideration presents itself—this of purely ethnological interest. The fisherfolk of the Zuyder Zee are noted for their quaint costumes, many of which go back to a respectable antiquity. Will the abrupt change in environment bring about the abandonment of their peculiar dress?





A HEAVY SEA RUNNING ON THE PLAGE AT BUDAPEST: A SCENE IN THE GELLERT BATH, WHERE ARTIFICIAL WAVES ARE RAISED BY COMPRESSED AIR.

THERE is an old and honoured tradition about the "sea-coast of Bohemia"—but we have yet to hear of the Bohemian Riviera! We ourselves have sea and to spare; and so, perhaps, we can afford to make jokes about it. But supposing there were no French Riviera or Italian Riviera for us; no Cornish Riviera; no Biarritz; no Brighton; no Cowes; no Margate; no Lido; no Lussimouth; no "Blue Trains" for millionaires, no motor-coach trips—what a profound and depressing deficiency! One country, Hungary, has been

(Continued below.)

## HOW A COUNTRY WITHOUT QUARTER-HOURS AT THE



THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL AS A WATERING-PLACE: THE GREAT MUNICIPAL SWIMMING-POOL, WHICH PERMITS MIXED BATHING AMID ARTIFICIALLY CREATED WAVES.



DURING ONE OF THE "ROUGH" SPELLS AT THE GELLERT BATH, BUDAPEST, WHICH OCCUR EVERY HALF-HOUR: A WAVE BREAKING IN BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT.

(Continued.)

without a sea-coast for twelve dusty years, since the Treaty of Trianon; and the people of Budapest have been without sea-bathing. To make up for this, ingenuity has created a watering-place in Budapest itself. There is no surf-bathing worth speaking of on the Adriatic, but that has not deterred men of our age of mechanical marvels from installing "breakers" right in the capital of the country that has lost its outlets on the sea. A requisite for an attractive watering-place is sunshine, and in this respect the Hungarian climate is benevolent; while, if the temperature of the water in the artificial resort leaves anything to be desired, it can be rectified from the numerous hot springs with which Budapest abounds—springs capable of supplying water at any heat desired. Every self-respecting inhabitant of Budapest knows his way about the Gellert Bath. The cost of entry to this bathing-palace is not particularly cheap. You reach it by way of level walks among shady palm-trees, and up noble flights of steps. After a whole morning spent by the lulling murmur of the breaking waves, you may make your way among the flower-grown terraces to a table prepared for one of the daintiest lunches that Hungary provides—and they know what good cooking means in Hungary! Ten or twenty years ago Budapest might have been said to "live" on the Donaukanal between midday and two o'clock. The Donaukanal is hardly a hundred yards long; yet everyone in Budapest was to be found there—from Ministers of the Government and Bank directors to the humblest of operasingers. Nowadays Budapest lounges in the Gellert Bath—almost from spring to autumn. Every political question, every stock exchange dealing, almost every love-affair, takes its course there easily and pleasantly. You are constantly encountering prominent people. At the same time, you have to be at your post in good time if you wish to see the real celebrities at least in good time as the phrase is understood in Budapest. At this early hour public figures refresh themselves for an hour or two in the surf before

## A SEA-COAST GETS ITS SEA-BATHING: CALM AND ROUGH FAMOUS GELLERT BATH, BUDAPESTH.



DURING ONE OF THE "CALM" QUARTER-HOURS WHICH ALTERNATE WITH THE "ROUGH" QUARTERS: THE GELLERTBATH, BUDAPESTH, AS SEEN FROM ONE OF THE TERRACES—BATHING-BEACH, CAFÉ, AND POLITICAL AND BUSINESS CENTRE!

repairing to their Ministries or offices. The chief engineer at the Baths is very proud of his mighty wave-making machine. It was designed by a Bavarian professor. Every half-hour, when the signal is given, the great piston-rods begin to move, and the impulse is extended to the device for raising the waves. Artificial waves are created by means of compressed air for a quarter of an hour at a time, and the bath is alternately calm and rough. The people of Budapest (and the numerous visitors attracted to the capital) can enjoy all the fun and exhilaration of surf-bathing without risk, and without having to endure a tiresome and expensive journey to the sea—a journey rather over twice as long as any that would be seriously considered by dwellers in English towns like Coventry or Nottingham, and—since the Treaty of Trianon—quite possibly not at all a popular one with patriotic Magyars. The people of Budapest would seem to be hedonists. They are certainly connoisseurs in the matter of cuisine; but in this swimming-bath they have surpassed themselves. And the Gellert Bath is only the most striking of a number of "bathing-palaces," at which you can swim, or have treatment, or take the waters at the different sorts of mineral springs which abound in Budapest. Round these bathing-places people are to be seen passing their time in a variety of ways—eating lunch, taking tea, or dining; playing "bridge," reading novels, closing deals, and flirting. Recreation at the Baths may be said to be Budapest's "daily fare," and the Baths are always thronged.—(Photographs Copyright by Mr. J. von Heusinger.)

SURF-BATHING EXTRAORDINARY: THE GELLERT BATH AT BUDAPEST, WHICH IS PLAGE, CAFÉ, AND FASHIONABLE MEETING-PLACE IN ONE.



# THE "POCKET" GARDEN ABROAD: NOVEL DESIGNS—CHARMING EFFECTS IN RESTRICTED SPACE.



FIG. 1. A PARISIAN GARDEN DESIGNED TO AVOID UPKEEP: A PARTERRE LAID OUT ALMOST ENTIRELY IN RED GRAVEL TO MAKE UP FOR THE ABSENCE OF FLOWERS, AT THE HOUSE OF COMTE ANDRÉ DE FELS AT LA MUEFFE.



FIG. 2. RECTANGULAR FLOWER-BEDS ALTERNATING WITH POOLS OF WATER: A STRIKING "CHESSBOARD" DESIGN IN THE GARDEN OF VICTORIE CHARLES DE NOAILLES, AT HYÈRES.

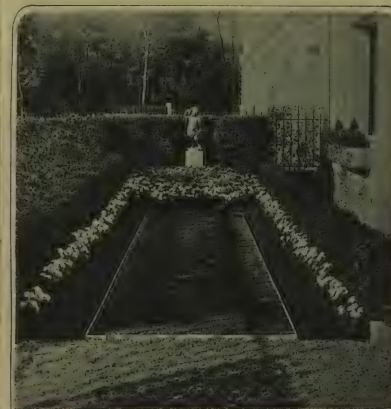


FIG. 3. AN EFFECTIVE DESIGN IN A SPACE MEASURING ABOUT 49 FT. BY 11 FT.: M. PIERRE LAVITTE'S PARIS GARDEN AT THE END OF THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



FIG. 4. A STRIKING EFFECT PRODUCED BY GEOMETRICAL PATTERNS: THE GARDEN OF M. JACQUES ROUCHÉ'S HOTEL PARTICULIER IN PARIS, WITH MIRRORS AT THE FAR END.



FIG. 5. THE CHARM OF THE STONE POOL AND FOUNTAIN, WITH RECTANGULAR AND ZIGZAG FLOWER-BEDS: ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN AT HYÈRES ILLUSTRATED IN FIG. 2.

NOT all garden-lovers possess enough space to realise their dreams. Most of them, indeed, and especially the town-dwellers, must be content with a very modest domain. Even so, however, there is ample scope for beauty and novelty in design, and we give these interesting illustrations, from a French source, to indicate some of the charming possibilities open to the possessor of a limited plot. In an article accompanying the photographs, M. Georges Benoit-Lévy writes, on Small Gardens in Modern Taste: "According to Pierre Devilliers, 'People are too apt to think that it is easy to express oneself with flowers and trees by mere abundance and variety. Alas! one can soon produce a "museum," an

(Continued in No. 2.)

'exhibition,' but anything thus created may be only 'a world where one is bored.' It is, perhaps, the sense of restraint, along with reaction against encroaching ugliness, that produces this passion for the small garden artistically designed. One rose in a glass on my desk evokes magnificent rose-gardens, and its fragrance awakens in my heart all the harmonies of Nature. What is there in a large garden but a synthesis of separate realisations, each with its own character? The other day I was walking in Raquel Meller's great gardens, covering some 3000 square metres, on the enchanting site of the Cornes d'Or, above Villefranche. Here I found a little nook, in which the

(Continued in No. 2.)



FIG. 6. "JAZZ" EFFECTS IN A MODERNIST DESIGN: CONSISTS IN THE USE OF DIFFERENTLY COLOURED PLANTS AND GRAVEL.



A GARDEN IN WHICH THE WHOLE SCHEME OF DECORATION CONSISTS IN THE USE OF DIFFERENTLY COLOURED PLANTS AND GRAVEL.



FIG. 7. DESIGNED BY A PAYSAGISTE WHO REARRANGED THE GROUNDS OF BLENHEIM PALACE: A LITTLE PARADISE IN THE HEART OF PARIS—A DOCTOR'S GARDEN IN THE AVENUE KLÉBER, WITH LILY POOL AND COLONNADE.



FIG. 8. MIRRORS USED TO PRODUCE AN EFFECT OF SPACE: EXAMPLES EACH SIDE OF A GATEWAY IN A STRUCTURE SCREENING A FISH-POND IN AN URBAN GARDEN IN PARIS.

# "INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM" ATTAINABLE IN SMALL URBAN GARDENS.



FIG. 9. LANDSCAPE GARDENING ON A LIMITED SCALE IN TOWN: A REMARKABLE EFFECT OF SPACIOUSNESS AND RUSTICITY IN A PARISIAN GARDEN.

paysagiste, Albert, Duchêne, who rearranged the Duke of Marlborough's domain at Blenheim. But he that is skilful in great things is skilful also in small, and Albert Duchêne could exercise his art on this little garden in Paris. In miniature garden design the style may be 'formal' or 'natural.' All varieties of taste appear, but, whatever the style chosen, much ingenuity is displayed in utilising a small terrain. The cult of the small garden occurs beyond the boundaries of towns, as, for instance, in that of the Comte de Noailles at Hyères (Figs. 2 and 5). Be the garden great or small, and its owner rich or poor, prince or workman, in town or in country, its ultimate purpose is to refresh the heart and to be a source of joy, tranquility, and repose."



# The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"M," AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE, AND THE "DUBBING" PROCESS.

THE opening of the charming Cambridge Theatre by Mr. Eric Hakim and Mr. B. A. Meyer as a home for outstanding international films is an event of major importance in the advance of kinematic entertainment. Under the



"LETTY LYNTON"—SHOWN AT THE EMPIRE: JOAN CRAWFORD IN A DRESS OF FANTASTIC BEAUTY, AS THE HEIRESS WHO PLAYED WITH MEN'S AFFECTIONS UNTIL SHE FOUND HERSELF IN A TRAP OF HER OWN MAKING.

"Letty Lynton" is a film based on the novel by Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes. Joan Crawford takes the part of the heroine; while Robert Montgomery plays that of the "right man" who appears just in time to save her from her own folly.

general management of Miss Elsie Cohen, whose enterprise and perspicacity has definitely broken down the barriers of language in the presentation of first-class foreign productions at the little Academy Cinema in Oxford Street, this new venture starts with every advantage that experience, a thorough knowledge of the world's leading studios, and a keen appreciation of their best output can bring to it. It remains to be seen whether the nucleus of discriminating film-goers, fostered and encouraged by the persistent efforts of the Academy Cinema—and, in a lighter sphere, of the Rialto—has grown to the dimensions demanded by the size of a theatre such as the Cambridge. If it has—and one can but fervently hope that it has—then the results may be as far-reaching as the ever-widening rings on the pebble-pierced surface of a stagnant pool. The success of the season at the Cambridge would be an impetus to the serious supporter of the film in artistic centres outside London to demand, with some reasonable anticipation of response, "Little Kinemas" of their own. It would, furthermore, help to conquer the timidity amongst the exhibitors of Greater London and the provinces in their attitude towards the important foreign films, a timidity not always justified even at this juncture. Miss Cohen tells me that Pabst's impressive epic of the mines, "Kameradschaft," succeeded beyond all expectations at an outlying picture-palace and set at nought the dubiety of its sponsors. And that, mark you, in spite of its French and German dialogue. Here, again, is a point of interest, and one to which I will return anon. It is my belief that the best foreign pictures will win through, even with the greater public and in provincial areas, without undergoing the process of "dubbing"—that is to say, the synchronisation of English words with the lip movements of the language actually spoken—French or German, as the case may be. "Kameradschaft" would seem to uphold my view, though I realise it was a picture of extraordinarily engrossing action that, with an English signpost here and there to point the way, retained its power even without understanding of the spoken word.

Messrs. Hakim and Meyer, in presenting the new film, "M," directed by Mr. Fritz Lang, as the opening feature of their international season, have elected to show an English version, wherein some of the actors are undoubtedly speaking English, their particular scenes having obviously been retaken, but of which the major part has gone through the process of "dubbing." It is not for me to say whether, from the box-office point of view, this

policy was wisely dictated by a cautious approach of the mass intellect, but personally I deplore this shearing of Samson's locks. For, skilfully as the work of voice-doubling has been carried out, with a careful selection of speakers and an amazingly accurate gauging of word-lengths, pauses, hesitations, there remains a disconcerting discrepancy between the German gesture and English idiom, a certain careful enunciation which neither the situations nor the deliberately everyday dialogue warrant, a dead-level of sound volume, and, above all, a collapse of conviction where it has been impossible to match a lip movement with an English word. All this is partially responsible for a haze of unreality that seems to obscure and, in a measure, to devitalise certain scenes in Lang's powerful study of a distorted mentality that reduces a whole town to a state of panic. That "M" is based on the child-murders in Düsseldorf is true in so far as the reign of terror in that comely Rhenish town was responsible for the last links in a chain of thought which, according to Mr. Lang's own statement, he had long pursued. The picture was, however, completed some time before Kürten, the Düsseldorf murderer, was identified, and diverges widely in its development from actual facts.

Mr. Lang is a man of ideas. He has not sought to supply the public with a "thriller" or a "shocker." He has clearly pondered deeply over the question of criminal lunacy, and has set down the outcome of his observations in the medium which he commands and in the narrative form which serves his purpose best, relying, as always, on his wife, Thea von Harbou, for his scenario. He has said, both publicly and in print, that his primary intentions were to hold out a warning to mothers to keep a closer watch on their children, and to demonstrate to the public the procedure of the German police in the tracking down of a criminal. Both these issues certainly arise from the construction of the picture, but I should have said that the pictorial expression of a terrible and lurking menace, the gradual closing in of the net of justice—and of vengeance—and the subtle, swift, yet poignant *exposé* of a

twisted brain were his main preoccupations. He has handled his theme with restraint and with illuminating insight, not only into the suffering soul of the main character, but into the crook-mentalities of the underworld, whose denizens, finding their own strongholds untenable under the rigorous scrutiny of the whole police force, take the law into their own hands and hunt down the murderer.

Mr. Lang is, however, essentially a pictorial artist. I would say that he sees his subject in a series of pictures, divorced from sound. He cannot refrain from interrupting a conversation that should be terse and rapid with a "shot" that, in itself, is impressive, a fillip to the imagination, but, nevertheless, an interruption. His film surges into life in momentary silent impressions—a child's balloon helplessly bobbing amongst the telegraph wires; the murderer seemingly caged within the frail trellis-work of a small café; the professional beggars, organised by the gangster chief, slowly surrounding their frenzied quarry. At such moments the canvas is vivid, strongly composed, memorable. Between them there are *longueurs* for which, as I have said, the process of dubbing is only partially to be blamed. The impression is created that,



"THE MAN I KILLED"—SHOWN AT THE CARLTON: THE HERO FINDS HIMSELF FORCED TO COMFORT THE PARENTS AND THE FIANCEE OF THE MAN HE KILLED.

In the end, the hero, a young French soldier racked with remorse for a German whom he has killed in the trenches, is not only forced by the pathetic appeal of the dead man's parents and fiancée to comfort them, but, instead of confessing to them as he had originally intended, ends by taking their son's place. The actors (from left to right) are: Phillips Holmes, Louise Carter, Nancy Carroll, and Lionel Barrymore.



"M."—SHOWN AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: THE MANIAC CHILD-MURDERER REALISES THAT THE BEGGARS OF THE CITY HAVE BRANDED HIM ON THE BACK WITH A CHALK "M."

To some extent, "M" owes its motif to the case of Peter Kürten, the maniac-murderer of Düsseldorf. The realism of the film is most impressive; the inner workings of the police detective organisation and of a gang of crooks being represented equally convincingly. The part of the maniac-murderer is taken by Peter Lorre.

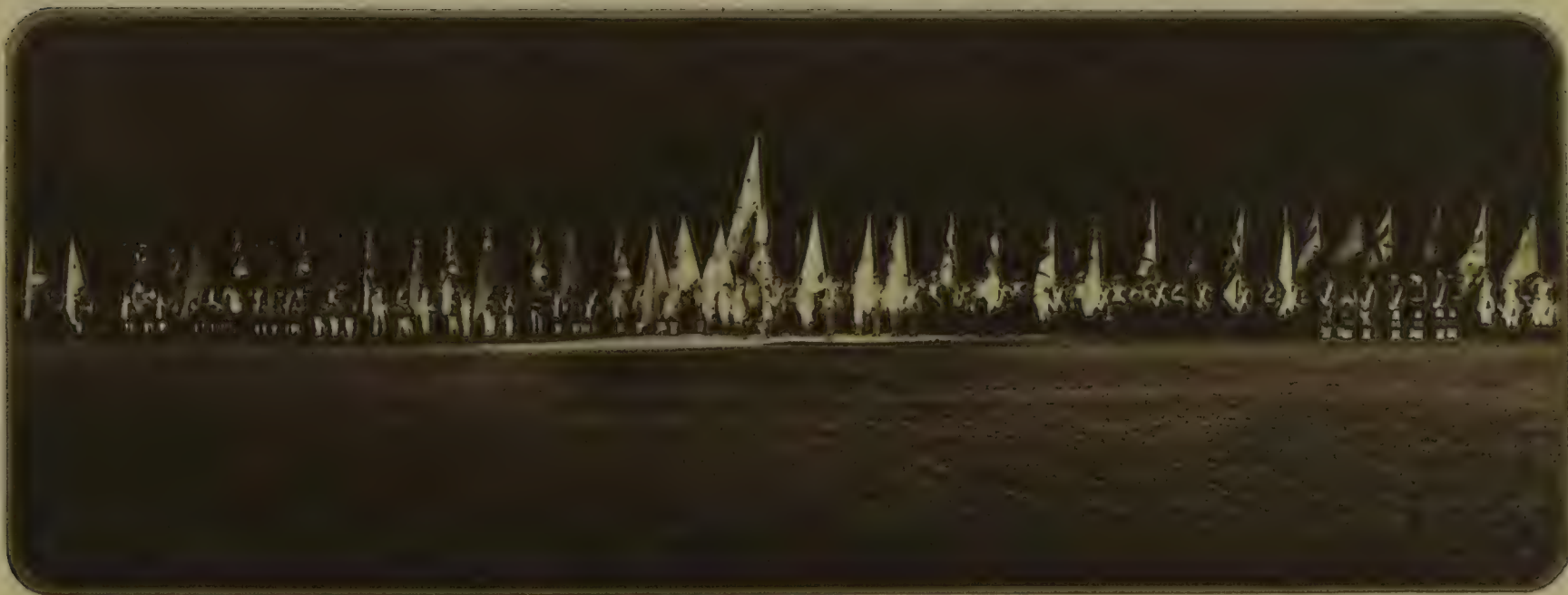
even in the original German, Mr. Lang's leaning towards pictorial symbolism and the stark reality of the *Reichs-Polizei* on the track of a murderer must have run unevenly in harness, occasionally faltering in their stride.

The whole question of "dubbing," brought into general discussion by "M," is not likely to become acute in this country, for the simple reason that we have the American as well as our own studios to draw upon. A recent flying visit to Paris revealed a very different state of affairs in France, where "le doublage" is causing any amount of heated argument, not to say friction. There is even talk of official restriction in the matter, and the device "Défense de Doubler" is proudly reared by certain film corporations. But, if the discriminating film-goer would prefer a few French captions to the more or less skilful "dubbing" of French dialogue in English-speaking films, the majority apparently prefers, and certainly accepts, the hybrid entertainment. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of M. Tavano, the director of the "Synchro Ciné" and an expert in the gentle art of dubbing. His point is that "le doublage" renders a real service to the Kinema, in that it makes any amount of good foreign films accessible to the masses.

If, however, the dubbing process is of paramount importance in all non-English-speaking countries, and even admitting the measure of perfection to which it has been brought, the result can never be wholly satisfactory. Therefore it seems to me that in England, where only the best of the foreign films come under consideration, every effort should be made to adhere to the original languages, with, if necessary, an elucidating caption here and there. The loss of a few conversational passages, of a shade or two of humour, is of lesser moment than the loss of verisimilitude in the characterisations and the balance of speed and sound. For it has been abundantly proved that the drama of a fine film, expressed in the genuine terms of the kinema—termed understood by all nations—is not impaired by the retention of French or German dialogue, but rises triumphantly above the restrictions of speech. "Défense de Doubler" should be our adopted slogan.



# THE MILITARY ASPECT OF ASCOT WEEK: ALDERSHOT TATTOO PAGEANTRY.



THE GREATEST SPECTACLE OF ITS KIND: "FLAG AND EMPIRE" PHASES IN RUSHMOOR ARENA—THE MARSHALLING OF THE COLOURS; "PHYSICAL JERKS" BY SEARCHLIGHT; AND INKERMANN, "THE SOLDIERS' BATTLE."

In our last issue, we gave certain photographs illustrating a rehearsal of the Aldershot Tattoo, which began this year on June 11 and was fixed to be presented also on the nights of the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th. Here we publish three others—one of them taken during a rehearsal. Proof positive of the continued popularity of this greatest of all military pageants was afforded by the attendance on the night of June 11 of an audience of 60,500, 15,000 more than at any opening performance in previous years. The motif of the present Tattoo is "The Flag and Empire." Two of the three photographs here reproduced are more particularly associated with this—the Marshalling of the Colours,

when detachments of all the battalions of Infantry of the Line in the Aldershot Command appear in the arena with replicas of their Colours at some historic period; and the representation of Inkerman, "the soldiers' battle," which is "numerically, the greatest battle spectacle ever staged in this country." With regard to the third photograph, the demonstration of physical training more than suggests the influence of the Royal Tournament, but it is none the worse for that, and it gains from the fact that it takes place by searchlight. This massed physical training display is given by the 2nd Battalion, the King's Regiment, and the 2nd Battalion, the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.



ROYAL ASCOT:  
THE KING  
AND QUEEN  
WITH THEIR  
PARTY FROM  
WINDSOR CASTLE.



IN THE ROYAL BOX: THE QUEEN (IN WHITE, RIGHT CENTRE, USING FIELD-GLASSES), THE KING (NEXT BUT ONE TO LEFT); THEN TO LEFT AGAIN (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, AND PRINCE GEORGE; AND TO RIGHT OF THE QUEEN (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, AND (EXTREME RIGHT) KING MANOEL.



THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES IN "ASCOT STATE": THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, IN AN OPEN LANDAU DRAWN BY FOUR GREYS, WITH POSTILIONS, ENTERING THE ENCLOSURE AFTER THE PROCESSION ALONG THE NEW MILE.



ROYAL GREETINGS FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN FROM THE ASCOT HOSPITAL: THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES (FACING THE QUEEN) AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

Royal Ascot, the most fashionable of race meetings and the crowning event of the season, opened on Tuesday, June 14, in glorious sunshine. In accordance with time-honoured tradition, the King and Queen, with other members of the Royal family, drove in "Ascot State" from Windsor Great Park and along the course in the customary procession of royal landaus, with postilions in their livery of scarlet and gold. Their Majesties had arrived at Windsor on the 11th, and during the week they entertained a distinguished party at the Castle. They arranged to



ROYAL RACEGOERS AT THE CULMINATING EVENT OF THE SEASON: (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) THE KING, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND PRINCE GEORGE IN THE ROYAL BOX AT ASCOT.

attend the Ascot Meeting in similar state on each of the four days if weather permitted. On the Saturday before the meeting began, the King and Queen had visited the racecourse to inspect the recent improvements. From the racing point of view, Ascot provided interesting sport. Except the Derby winner (April the Fifth) and Orwell, the unsuccessful favourite, practically every well-known horse in training was engaged. The chief event of the opening day, the Ascot Stakes, resulted in a dead heat between Son of Mint and Sandy Lashes.



## WHAT THEY WERE WEARING AT ASCOT: DRESS AT THE ROYAL MEETING.



## FASHIONS AT THE 1932 ASCOT: LARGE HATS AND LONG DRESSES.

Royal Ascot was able this year to live up to its name as the greatest Fashion Parade in the world; and women wore picture hats and soft, fluttering skirts with confidence. In some cases, the curving brims of the "cart-wheel" hats had such a sweep down on one side of the face that only one of the wearer's eyes could be seen; while a contrast to these "romantic" models was provided by neat skull-caps finished with floating eye-veils, or by severe "boaters" in plain straw. Little feet peeped in and out of tempestuous petticoats of chiffon, organdie or lace, with a revival of Victorian daintiness; and fanciful sleeves,

scarf draperies, tippets and floral garlands added soft femininity to the fashions. It was a "sleeve-and-cape" Ascot, for the variety displayed in these two dress features was immense. There were short, puffed sleeves, worn with wrist-length gauntlet gloves; elaborate sleeves with fulness below the elbow; and sleeves crowned by military-looking epaulettes. These were sometimes allowed to develop into little capes suggestive of those on the old "coaching" coats, and were featured on little white Eton jackets worn over dark dresses. The Hawaiian garland, still popular, appeared as an adjunct to summery frocks.



# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



FRANCE'S NEW LUXURY LINER, THE "CHAMPLAIN," AT SPEED: A VESSEL SCHEDULED TO BEGIN HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO-DAY, JUNE 18.

As noted by us at the time, the French Line's new luxury cabin liner, "Champlain," was launched at Penhoet shipyards on August 15 last year. It was then stated that her design would give her the speed of a fast mail steamer. The "Champlain" is scheduled to sail on her maiden voyage to New York to-day (June 18). She has accommodation for three classes of passengers—"Cabin," "Tourist Class," and "Third Tourist." She has a very large sun-deck and a spacious and lengthy promenade-deck.



BRITAIN'S LARGEST MOTOR-LINER: THE WHITE STAR VESSEL "GEORGIC"; RECENTLY COMPLETED AT BELFAST.

The "Georgic," which is claimed to be Britain's largest motor-liner, entered the Mersey from her builders at Belfast on June 13, in preparation for her maiden voyage to New York on June 25. She is a sister ship of the "Britannic," which has been in the White Star service for two years. The "Georgic" has two funnels, one of which is part wireless-equipment room and part smoking-room.



THE LEICESTER PAGEANT, WHOSE DRESS REHEARSAL THE PRINCE OF WALES ATTENDED: A SCENE EMBODYING STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET."

On June 11, the Prince of Wales paid a surprise visit to Abbey Park, Leicester, where a full-dress rehearsal of the Leicester Pageant was in progress. The Pageant was fixed to run from June 16 to June 25. It has a setting of ruins, stately beeches, and lake water. Historical personalities who figure in the pageant are Ethelfleda, Alfred the Great's daughter, Cardinal Wolsey, John of Gaunt, Richard II., Wycliffe and Chaucer, Henry VI., and Richard III.



THE NEW BUTT BRIDGE, IN DUBLIN, OPENED BY THE ARCHBISHOP: THE CROWD SWARMING ACROSS AFTER THE STRUCTURE HAD BEEN BLESSED.

The Archbishop of Dublin (the Most Rev. Edward Byrne) opened the new Butt Bridge over the Liffey on June 7. The Archbishop read the ritual prayers and moved about the bridge, blessing the structure; finally, he cut the green silk ribbon stretched across the bridge with a pair of gold scissors presented him by the architect, Mr. Gray. The Lord Mayor of Dublin then thanked the Archbishop for his kindness in coming to open the new bridge.



THE FUNERAL OF THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR, SIGNOR BORDONARO: THE CORTÈGE LEAVING GROSVENOR SQUARE.

The Duke of York represented the King at the Requiem Mass for the Italian Ambassador, Signor Bordonaro, which took place at Westminster Cathedral on June 11. The coffin, covered with the Italian flag and wreaths, had been conveyed from the Italian Embassy on a gun-carriage. The Ambassador's decorations and Orders were carried on a cushion. The chief mourner was the Ambassador's brother.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT ETON: HIS MAJESTY WITH THE PROVOST (DR. M. R. JAMES); AND HER MAJESTY WITH DR. ALINGTON, THE HEADMASTER.

The King and Queen, who left London for Windsor on June 11, motored to Eton College on June 12, accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, to attend Divine service. The preacher was the Rev. Bro. Douglas, of the Brotherhood of St. Francis of Assisi, from Cerne Abbas, Dorset. After the service he was presented to their Majesties. Later, the King and Queen were shown the Mediæval Exhibition in Upper School. On the panelling of the wall the Queen noticed that the name of the Duke of Gloucester (Henry) had been carved.



## The Spanish Queen of Louis XIV.: A Portrait by Velasquez.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN JOURNAL, "COUNTRY LIFE."



"THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA": A PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XIV.'S SPANISH BRIDE, BY VELASQUEZ, WHOSE DEATH WAS HASTENED BY THE FATIGUE OF ARRANGING HER WEDDING FESTIVITIES, AS GRAND MARSHAL OF THE PALACE TO PHILIP IV.

This historic painting by the great Spanish master, formerly in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, was presented to the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, U.S.A., by Mrs. Edwin Farnham Greene in memory of her father and mother, John Howard and Charlotte Peabody Nichols. The Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, was born in 1638, and in 1660 married Louis XIV. of France. She died at Versailles in 1683. Velasquez, in 1652, had been appointed *Aposentador Mayor*, or Grand Marshal of the Palace, to King Philip, and in that capacity he had the duty of organising the Spanish share of the preparations for the Princess's wedding, which took the form of a marriage by proxy on the Island of Pheasants, in the Bidassoa. He arranged lodgings for the Court along the whole route to the Castle of Fontarabia, and completed the pavilion on the island. "During the ceremonies connected with the marriage" (says Bryan in the "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers"), "he acquitted himself admirably, but the fatigue of it all was too much for his strength. He returned ill to Madrid, and, after a few partial recoveries, he finally sank and died on the 6th of August, 1660, in the sixty-first year of his age."

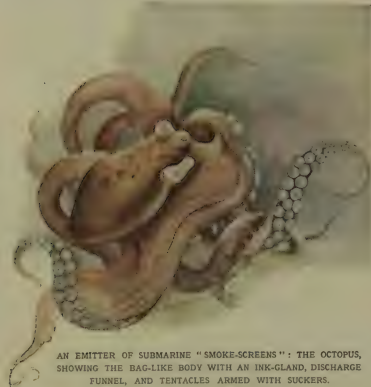


# Sea Shapes "Rich and Strange": The Colour of Curious Marine Forms, as in the "Zoo" Aquarium.

FROM COLOURED SKETCHES BY HERTHA ROHMKOPF.



A STRANGE AMPHIBIAN: THE WHITE AXOLOTL OF MEXICO, WITH ROSY TUFTS OF GILLS ON THE NECK—THE LARVAL FORM OF A LUNG-BREATHING SALAMANDER (INTO WHICH IT CHANGES IF IT LEAVES THE WATER) AND ONE OF THE FEW ANIMALS BREEDING IN THE LARVAL CONDITION.



AN EMITTER OF SUBMARINE "SMOKE-SCREENS": THE OCTOPUS, SHOWING THE BAG-LIKE BODY WITH AN INK-GLAND, DISCHARGE FUNNEL, AND TENTACLES ARMED WITH SUCKERS.

*Continued*

known of an animal breeding in the larval condition. While some develop into the adult form, others remain throughout their existence in the same infantile condition. Why such a race should have been evolved in just that locality of Mexico is still a mystery. The following facts are recorded in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, near Mexico City, the Axolotl apparently never metamorphoses; these lakes contain abundant food and good shelter, while the surrounding country is dry and comparatively barren. Thus it may be an advantage to the species to become mature there in aquatic form. But further north another sub-species occurs which inhabits smaller pools, and metamorphosis is much more readily induced—for instance, by the pools drying up. This fact is particularly interesting in view of a statement in the Official Guide to the "Zoo" Aquarium. The Director, Mr. E. G. Boulenger, says: "By

OUR large illustration here is of particular interest in relation to the Tidal Rock-Pool recently opened to the public at the Aquarium of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park. This wonderful rock-pool, with the ingenious mechanism which operates its tides, was illustrated in our issue of June 4. It is fully stocked with minute sea-life, including starfish and many other creatures, brightly coloured seaweeds, and sea-anemones, such as are shown in the present coloured drawing. The Axolotl, seen in the upper left-hand illustration, is one of the *Amblystomidae* (a group of North American forms which are similar, in their general life-history, to the Salamandrids), but the Axolotl has itself a truly remarkable history, and is an animal of the greatest interest. As will be seen from our picture, it is a large, blunt-headed creature, like a giant larval newt, about a foot in length, with tufts of gills on each side of its head. Axolotls are only found in their wild state in some lakes near the City of Mexico. According to the "Standard Natural History," edited by Mr. W. P. Pyraft (the writer of our "World of Science" page), "they never leave the water, but reach sexual maturity in their gilled state, producing larvae just like themselves; and for many years they were regarded as forming part of a separate group of newts, the Perennibranchiates, or 'permanently gilled.' But in 1864 a number were sent to the Zoological Gardens at Paris, where they bred for several generations. Suddenly, however, it was noticed that the young of one brood had lost their gills and the crest on the tail, had developed eyelids and acquired a new coloration. They had, in fact, metamorphosed to the well-known North American 'Tiger Salamander'!" They were revealed as the larval form of this lung-breathing salamander. Axolotls are one of the few examples

*(Continued below)*



AN INTERESTING PARALLEL TO SOME OF THE CONTENTS OF THE NEW TIDAL ROCK-POOL IN THE AQUARIUM AT THE "ZOO": A SIMILAR COLLECTION OF SEA-ANEMONES—WITH A STARFISH (LEFT FOREGROUND) AND A SABELLID WORM (TOP LEFT) SHOWING THE WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION THAT OCCURS WHEN SHAPELESS LUMPS OF COLOURED JELLY FOUND ON THE SHORE AT LOW TIDE ARE PLACED IN WATER.

forcing Axolotls to breathe air freely by reducing the water in which they live . . . they will invariably metamorphose." An interesting description of the octopus also appears in the "Zoo" Aquarium Guide. "It has a large bag-like body," we read, "containing the gills, and an ink-gland; and eight long tapering arms with two rows of suckers along the inner side of each. A peculiar funnel-shaped organ, which projects just below the head, and opens to the exterior, is used for the purpose of both respiration and locomotion. Water is constantly taken in through it, and, after passing over the gills, expelled with sufficient force to propel the animal backwards when swimming, at a great speed. The ink from the ink-gland is expelled through this funnel when the animal is on the defensive, its object being to obscure the water, and thus facilitate its escape."



# HOMARUS GAMMARUS

(*Common Lobster*)



“Homarus Gammarus”—oh, what a name,  
What a mouthful of Latin is this!  
But say it with Guinness—you’ll find all the same,  
It’s a mouthful that won’t come amiss

# GUINNESS

AND

# LOBSTER



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

## PROFESSOR

J. W. GREGORY,  
F.R.S.

The distinguished geologist and explorer. Reported on June 14 to have been drowned in Northern Peru, where he was leading an expedition to study volcanic movements. Aged sixty-eight. An authority on the Great Rift Valley of Africa.

THE HON. ALEX-  
ANDER SHAW.

Appointed chairman and managing-director of the P. and O., on June 8, following the death of Lord Inchcape. Director of the Bank of England; and of the United Kingdom Provident Institution. President, Chamber of Shipping (United Kingdom), 1927.



BRITISH AND UNITED STATES PLAYERS IN THE WIGHTMAN CUP MATCH: (L. TO R.) MISS JACOBS, MISS B. NUTHALL, MRS. L. A. HARPER, MRS. M. R. KING (MISS MUDFORD), MISS S. PALFREY, MRS. E. FEARNLEY WHITTINGSTALL, MRS. MICHELL, MRS. H. WILLS MOODY, MISS D. ROUND.

The United States ladies' lawn-tennis team won the Wightman Cup at the All-England Club, at Wimbledon, by four matches to three. Mrs. Wills Moody opened the second day's play with a victory over Miss Round (6-2, 6-3); and thus secured the Cup. Mrs. Whittinghall beat Miss H. Jacobs (6-4, 2-6, 6-1). Mrs. M. R. King beat Mrs. L. A. Harper. The last match of the day, the second Doubles, ended in a victory for Mrs. Whittinghall and Miss B. Nuthall over Mrs. Moody and Miss S. Palfrey. In the previous Doubles, Mrs. Harper and Miss Jacobs had beaten Mrs. Michell and Miss Round; and in the previous Singles Mrs. Moody had beaten Mrs. Whittinghall, and Miss Jacobs, Miss Round.



THE ATLANTIC FLYER WHO WAS RESCUED IN MID-OCEAN AFTER HAVING BEEN EIGHT DAYS AFLOAT: MR. HAUSNER SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HIS WIFE.

Mr. Stanley Hausner, the American-Polish airman who set out to fly from New Jersey to Warsaw on June 3, and had not been heard of since, was picked up by a British steamer, the "Circe Shell," five hundred miles due west of Oporto on June 12. The captain of the ship reported that the monoplane had made a forced descent on the sea on the evening of June 3. Mr. Hausner was exhausted, having apparently subsisted on

[Continued opposite.]



THE RESCUED ATLANTIC FLYER: MR. HAUSNER'S BELLANCA MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT—THE MACHINE ON WHICH HE FLOATED FOR EIGHT DAYS BEFORE BEING PICKED UP.

nothing but six sandwiches, a gallon of coffee, and a gallon of water that he had taken with him on his flight. He was picked up in darkness, and the aeroplane was left floating. The maker of the machine has explained that a dump-valve device had been fitted to the petrol-tanks to enable the pilot, in case of a landing on the water, to make pontoons. On alighting the dump-valves close, preventing the influx of water, and thus forming air-tanks which buoy up the aeroplane.



THE PASSING OF A FAMOUS ITALIAN DIPLOMAT: THE LATE SIGNOR A. C. BORDONARO.

His Excellency Signor Antonio Chiamonte Bordonaro, the Italian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, died on June 8; aged fifty-five. He had served as Counsellor of the Embassy at St. Petersburg during the war; then as Italian Political Commissioner at Berlin; and he was Minister at Prague in 1920, and at Vienna in 1924.



GENE SARAZEN, THE BRILLIANT AMERICAN WINNER OF THE BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

Gene Sarazen (Lakeville, U.S.A.) won the Open Golf Championship, on June 10, at Prince's, with the remarkable score of 283, the lowest on record, having beaten Bobby Jones's score at St. Andrews in 1927 by two shots. "On a course of nearly 7000 yards," notes the "Daily Telegraph," "he . . . found it necessary to take a wooden club for a second shot on only one occasion."



THE PASSING OF A FAMOUS ENGLISH POLITICIAN: THE LATE VISCOUNT BRENTFORD.

Lord Brentford, familiarly known to everybody as "Jix," died on June 8; aged sixty-six. He was a prominent figure in the Evangelical Church; a member of the Church Assembly; and President of the National Church League. In 1908 he was elected M.P. He became Minister of Health in 1923, and Home Secretary in 1924.



# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



FRAGMENTS FROM THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT SOLD AS GARDEN ORNAMENTS: HISTORIC STONEWORK DISPLAYED ON THE TERRACE.

In connection with renovation work on the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, the refacing of the buildings has involved the removal of a large quantity of carved ornament. From time to time discarded fragments of this historic stonework have been offered for sale, and our photograph shows a recent display on the Terrace of the House of Commons. These carvings would obviously form picturesque and interesting items of garden decoration.



NEW YORK ARTISTS TAKE A LEAF OUT OF THE BOOK OF THEIR PARIS CONFRÈRES: A PAVEMENT EXHIBITION OF PICTURES FOR SALE IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.

"Artists of Greenwich Village," we read in a descriptive note supplied with this photograph, "are here seen selling their pictures on the sidewalk in Washington Square. Many of these artists are getting a living out of their sales to passers-by. Some of them even offer to sell their paintings on the instalment plan. The idea is new in New York, although in Paris, of course, such open-air galleries are a permanent institution."



AN ANCHOR ONCE USED BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS: A REMOVAL PROBLEM FOR A CHICAGO INSTITUTION.

When the Chicago Historical Society recently moved into its new quarters in Lincoln Park, considerable difficulty was experienced in transferring a heavy anchor that had belonged to one of the ships of Christopher Columbus. Eventually, the problem was solved by manpower, and the ponderous relic was removed. Thus the discoverer of the New World provided work for some of its modern unemployed.



PARACHUTE ESCAPES FROM A CRASHING AEROPLANE: A REMARKABLE AIR PHOTOGRAPH (FROM ABOVE)—TWO PARACHUTES DESCENDING ON THE SEA, AND THE WATER DISTURBED BY THE MACHINE'S FALL.

After leaving Seattle, on May 30, for an attempted trans-Pacific flight to Tokyo, Mr. Nat Browne's aeroplane crashed in flames at Elliott Bay. He and his assistant, Mr. Frank Brooks, escaped by parachutes. This remarkable photograph, taken from another machine, shows the parachutes far below, near the splash and "ripples" caused by the aeroplane's impact.



A "TALL ORDER" FOR ROAD TRANSPORT! A GIRAFFE IN HIS CRATE PLACED ON A LORRY AT THE DOCKS.

A giraffe from Kenya, named George, three years old, and 15 ft. in height, arrived the other day at the West India Dock, to be taken thence by road to the Belle Vue "Zoo" at Manchester. He had come in the "Durham Castle." Here he is seen in a special crate, bearing his name, being slung on to a lorry for the journey north.



A GLIDER BUILT OF RUBBER TUBING: THE FRAMEWORK SHAPED LIKE A GANNET, WITH CLAW-LIKE FLAPPERS INTENDED FOR MAINTAINING FLIGHT BY MAN-POWER. The above photograph, which comes from America, is described as follows: "This is edition No. 2 of the famous rubber glider of Washington. The rubber-tube framework has been completed at Congressional Airport, and the machine will be flown when covered with fabric. It is shaped like a gannet. The claw-like flappers beneath the wings will be used in an effort to maintain flight by man-power. All the tubes are pumped up with air."



AGAIN A POPULAR ATTRACTION AT THE "ZOO": THE CHIMPANZEES' DINNER-PARTY—FIFI (LEFT), PETER (CENTRE, FACING CAMERA), JACKIE (RIGHT), AND IVY (NEAREST). Warmer weather recently enabled the "Zoo" authorities to revive that highly popular attraction, the Chimpanzees' party. It was stated a few days ago that, if conditions permitted, they would hold a supper-party on the lawn in front of the restaurant, as one of the special features of the Thursday night entertainments. Arrangements were lately completed to keep the "Zoo" open till 11 p.m. on Thursdays during the months of June, July, and August.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT HOUSE AT NICOSIA, CYPRUS: SIR RONALD STORRS, THE GOVERNOR, AT THE CEREMONY.

It will be recalled that in October 1931 Government House at Nicosia was destroyed by a mob of rioters clamouring for the union of Cyprus with Greece. A new Government House is being built to replace it. Sir Ronald Storrs was exposed to some personal danger at the time of the outbreak, and his magnificent collection of art treasures was destroyed. In November he is to be succeeded as Governor by Sir Reginald Stubbs, and will become Governor of Northern Rhodesia.

THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN OAK LIVERY CUPBOARD KNOWN AS PRINCE ARTHUR'S CUPBOARD.

(XVTH CENTURY.) Of the few English Gothic cupboards which have survived, this is perhaps the most celebrated example. Known as Prince Arthur's Cupboard, it was found at a farmhouse near Burwarton, Shropshire, close to Tickenhall Manor, where Arthur, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VII., lived with his bride, Catherine of Aragon. The upper door has a design resembling the initial "A"; the devices in the lower panels may be intended for ostrich feathers.



THE SUKKUR BARRAGE IN SIND, WHICH WAS OFFICIALLY OPENED BY THE VICEROY IN JANUARY, NOW COMPLETED: A VIEW FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE INDUS, SHOWING THE UPSTREAM APRON WITH THE GREAT STEEL GATES LOWERED TO CHECK THE RUSH OF THE WATER.

Our readers will remember that, in our issue of January 16, we published photographs of the Sukkur Barrage, then not quite completed, and recorded its official opening by Lord Willingdon on January 13. We noted on that occasion that the barrage was part of "one of the greatest irrigation schemes of the world, begun in 1923 and named after Lord (then Sir George) Lloyd,

who was Governor of Bombay from 1918 until 1923. The network of canals and distributaries which the project also entails will water an area of some 6,000,000 acres. The barrage has been constructed at a point two miles west of New Sukkur, below the narrow gorge through which the Indus enters Sind. . . . The total cost of construction is approximately £15,000,000."



THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DRIVING MARATHON, WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR EVENTS.

The Richmond Royal Horse Show opened in the Old Deer Park at Richmond on June 9, and the three-day programme was favoured throughout by brilliant weather. The Driving Marathon, open to pairs, was one of the features of the first day. It was won by Mr. H. J. Colebrook, who showed a finely matched pair of bays driven by Miss Colebrook, who is aged fourteen. It was later announced that the Queen would offer a special cup at next year's show.



A CAMP FIRE SING-SONG ATTENDED BY 4000 GIRL GUIDES: THE SCENE AT NORWOOD PARK, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

At a camp fire sing-song held at Norwood Park on June 11, there were assembled about 4000 Girl Guides. The Bishop of Southwell was also present, and he assisted in replenishing the camp fire. Our photograph shows Miss Nettleship, of London, conducting the singing, while the Girl Guides are seated in serried ranks around the fire. The Bishop of Southwell may be seen in the front row. The Girl Guides organisation recently attained its majority—an event which was celebrated all over the country.



ISSUED BY WARRANT OF THE KING-EMPEROR: THE INDIAN POLICE MEDAL, A NEW DECORATION TO RECOGNISE MERITORIOUS SERVICES.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE "KNEE" OF THE HORSE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

HORSES have been very much to the fore lately, but the interest they have aroused has, for the most part, been concentrated on the problem of "backing the winner." Doubtless even in the

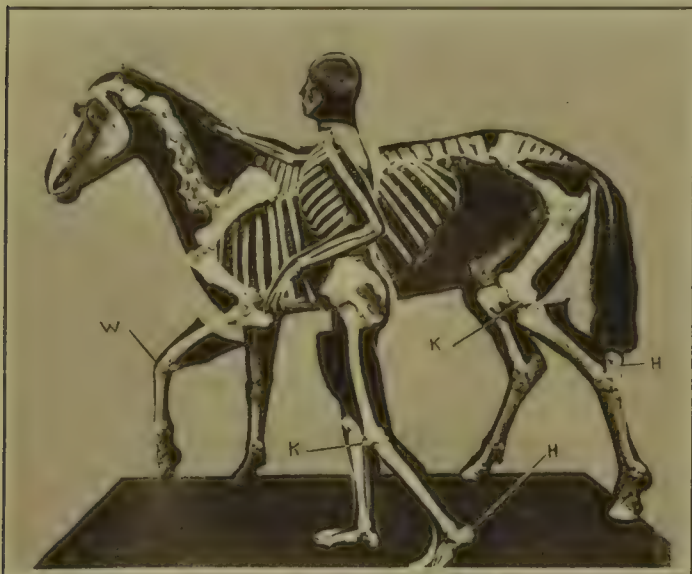
when we come to survey the rest of the limb, which bears no resemblance either to hand or foot. What has happened?

That long shaft which the horse-owner calls the "cannon-bone" really answers to the "palm-bone," or metacarpal, of the third finger. If my reader will trace it, along the back of his hand, from the knuckle to the wrist, and imagine it enlarged to three times its length and proportionately thickened, he will be able to appreciate better the nature of the cannon-bone of the horse. The three short, stout bones which succeed it are the bones of the "pastern" and "coffin-bone," which is enclosed within the hoof. These three answer to the "finger-bones" of the human hand. The human nail, and the bone concealed beneath it, answer to the hoof and the coffin-bone, while the two joints above it answer to the pastern. It is clear, then, that the "knee" of the horse answers to the wrist of man. Furthermore, the humerus is not free, as in man, but tucked away beneath the skin.

Now turn to the hind-limb. The short, stout thigh-bone is concealed under the skin in the living horse, but can be felt as what the horse-owner calls the "stifle." This is the real knee of the horse. The "hock" is particularly interesting, for it is the true heel of the horse. The cannon-bone answers to the third metatarsal bone, which, in the human foot, is embedded, with its fellows, between the back and the sole of the foot. And so it comes about

then, that the horse has but one finger and one toe in each foot, and it is upon these toes that the body is supported. What answers to the sole of the foot in the horse is found in the back of the cannon-bone, including the hock.

To get a really satisfactory grip of the singular characters of the legs and feet of the horse we must turn to the remains of its five-toed and later ancestors, of which we have a marvellously complete series. The earliest-known member of this series, however, is so little like a horse that its true affinities would never have been properly understood without the clues afforded by the succeeding stages. This ancestral type was the "Dawn-horse"



1. "WRISTS" OR "KNEES" IN MAN AND HORSE: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE KNEE (K), THE WRIST (W), AND THE HEEL (H) IN THE TWO SPECIES.

In man the hand, measured from the tip of the third finger, is conspicuously shorter than the fore-arm; while in the horse the "third finger" is slightly longer than the fore-arm. In the horse the humerus is shorter than the part of the leg corresponding to our fore-arm. In man the foot is much shorter than the shank of the leg; in the horse, the "foot" is much longer than the shank.

dignified atmosphere of the Law Courts this same anxiety found an entrance. In at least one instance, however, that interest in horses revealed a desire for something more than information in performance in relation to probable winners, as is shown by a question put by Mr. Justice Horridge at the Reading Assizes the other day. He asked what was the reason for the universal custom of speaking of a horse's "knees" when we were really referring to its wrists; while the actual knee is always called the "stifle"?

The vet to whom this question was addressed was unable to solve the riddle. Indeed, I believe it would require a vast amount of trouble to find out when and how this misuse of words first came into being; but the terms are accepted now by common consent. This is unfortunate, if only because this acceptance hides some extremely interesting facts concerning not merely the ancestry of the horse, but the agencies which in successive generations have, in the course of a few million years, effected the wonderful transformation into the horse as we know it to-day.

It is necessary to bear in mind, in considering this theme, that the limbs of land-dwelling vertebrates were derived from the fins of fishes. How that came about is another story. All these land-dwellers have their limbs fashioned on the same plan, because they have become adjusted to perform the same functions—to support and move the body; though by still further adjustments for special functions this original plan has become profoundly modified in many ways—as in the case of the wings of birds and bats, or the legs of the horse and the kangaroo. Further, the feet are especially variable. But at the start all possessed five digits—fingers or toes, as the case may be.

Let us wander too far afield in this matter of comparisons, let us compare the human arm—which is fundamentally a "fore-leg"—with the fore-leg of the horse shown in the adjoining photograph. In the human arm, it will be noticed, we have, first, the humerus, or upper arm-bone; next, two long bones, the radius and the ulna—they constitute the "fore-arm"; then follow the wrist-bones already referred to and the five digits. The fore-leg of the horse, after such a comparison, stands out in a totally different light; for it has obviously become profoundly changed as a consequence of the vastly different activities which it has had to perform. The humerus is relatively much shorter and more massive than in man. Of the two bones of the fore-arm, only one—the radius—remains in its entirety. The ulna is now represented only by a vestige of its upper end—the "Olecranon process" welded to the shaft of the radius. More striking still are the changes seen



2. A RESTORATION OF THE "DAWN-HORSE," EOHIPPUS: A DISTANT ANCESTOR OF OUR DERBY WINNERS, WHICH WAS NO BIGGER THAN A FOX AND HAD SPLAY FEET.

In this case the striped coat is hypothetical, but still probable. The Eohippus had four front toes, and three hind toes, forming a splay foot that was specially suitable for movement in marshy ground. As noted in the article on this page, this restoration was made by the late Dr. Scott, the well-known American naturalist.

Drawn by R. Bruce Horsfall.

(Eohippus) of the Lower Eocene. What it looked like may be seen in the adjoining photograph of a restoration made by my old friend the late Dr. Scott, an American naturalist of world-wide repute. There were several species of Eohippus, ranging in size from a cat to a small fox. They had four functional toes in the fore-foot, with the vestige of a fifth; the hind-foot had three toes and two splints. The modern horse has two splints on each foot, one on either side of the cannon-bone, and these are all that remain of "cannon-bones" which once bore hoofed digits.

It is not to be assumed that Eohippus was an exclusively American animal; for there lived at this time a precisely similar animal, which some authorities say was an Eohippus, while others prefer to regard it as belonging to a genus by itself—Hyracotherium. The two are hardly distinguishable. But be this as it may, Hyracotherium, or Eohippus, during the Lower Eocene was grazing over the marshes of Kent, for its fossil remains have been found in the Lower Eocene London clay, as well as in parts of Europe. But more than this: all the evidence seems to show that the birthplace of Hyracotherium was in N.E. Asia or Alaska, whence it spread eastwards into the American continent and westwards into Europe; and hence our Kentish "Dawn-horse," for Great Britain was then part of the European continent. But vast changes on the earth's surface have taken place since then; for at this time the Pyrenees had not come into being, Switzerland was a level plain, and where the Himalayas now rear their lofty peaks was a great and deep arm of the sea.

Having gained a footing in America, Hyracotherium, or Eohippus, gave rise to a succession of types, which I have no space to enlarge upon. Each succeeding type exceeded in stature the preceding one, and, at the same time, the teeth became more and more complex, and the lateral toes decreased in size until, as in the existing members of the horse tribe, but one—the third—remained, with a splint on each side representing vestiges of once functional toes. Nor can I comment on the remarkable parallel development of these various types of horses in the Old and New Worlds.



3. STAGES IN THE REDUCTION OF THE TOES IN THE ANCESTORS OF THE MODERN HORSE: (A) EOHIPPUS, OR HYRACOTHERIUM; (B) MESOHIPPUS; (C) PROTOHIPPIUS; AND (D) HIPPARION.

By the loss of the lateral toes seen in Protohippus and Hipparion, the foot of the living horses of to-day came into being. The "splints" found on each side of the cannon-bone in modern horses are the "cannon-bones" of the missing toes.

After Lydekker.





1. A GREAT CANAANITE FORTRESS SITUATED IN THE PASS BETWEEN MT. GERIZIM AND MT. EBAL: SHECHEM—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING SHOWING THE EAST GATE—THE BLANK PART (NOT YET EXCAVATED) CONTAINING AN OUTER GATE.

WITH these interesting illustrations, Dr. Gabriel Welter sends an article by a member of his staff, Miss B. D. Mazure, from which we abridge the following notes. Excavation at Shechem first revealed a gigantic wall, of cyclopean masonry, with a massive rectangular tower-gate, having four corner towers. This gate was approached from the valley level, 15 ft. below, by an inclined earth rampart. The wall of the lower city, having to support earth masses and protect the city within, was of different type. A complex of two parallel walls, with a 35 ft. earth slope between, appears to have been 65 ft. high and 50 ft. thick. The walls are well preserved and traceable in an unbroken circuit—a rare phenomenon—indicating a city area of 15 acres. Strategically, Shechem was highly important, blocking a pass on the ancient highway from the Jordan and protecting the coastal region from eastern invaders. With two natural bulwarks, Mounts Gerizim and Ebal, on either side, the fortress looked impregnable. The style of the walls and towers is Hittite. They were begun in the fourteenth century B.C., and doubtless existed till the time of Abimelech (1100 B.C.). Dr. Welter also recently discovered, at the foot of Mount Gerizim, a Temple of Baal-Berith, dating from the late Bronze Age (1400-1300 B.C.), with Canaanite cult objects. In a small shrine outside was found the Canaanite fetish stone (Fig. 2), unique of its kind in Palestine. Describing the fortress at Shechem, Miss Mazure writes: "Even to-day, standing at the foot of these gigantic walls, one has the sense of being, as the Biblical people said, 'in our own sight as grasshoppers.' One can understand the panic of the Israelites as they listened in Kadesh Barnea to the reports of their spies from the land of Canaan. 'Whither shall we go up? our brethren have discouraged our heart, saying, The people is greater and taller than we; the cities are greater and walled

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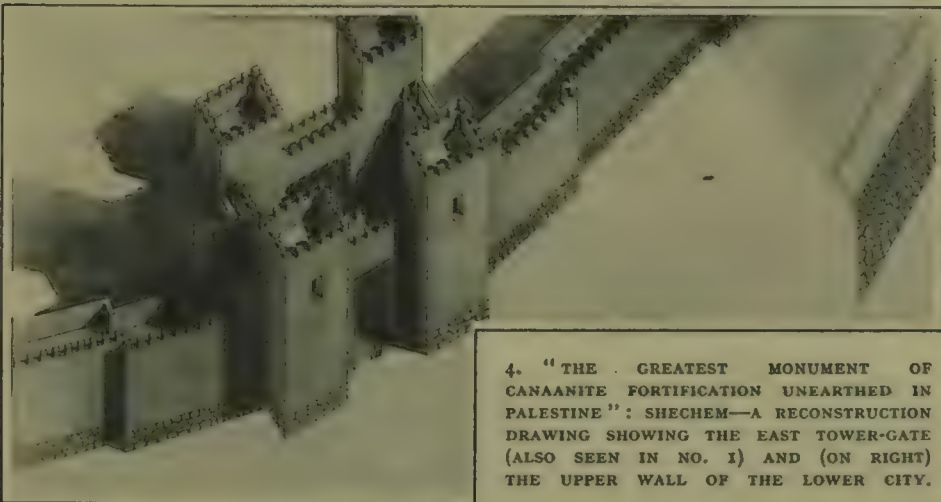
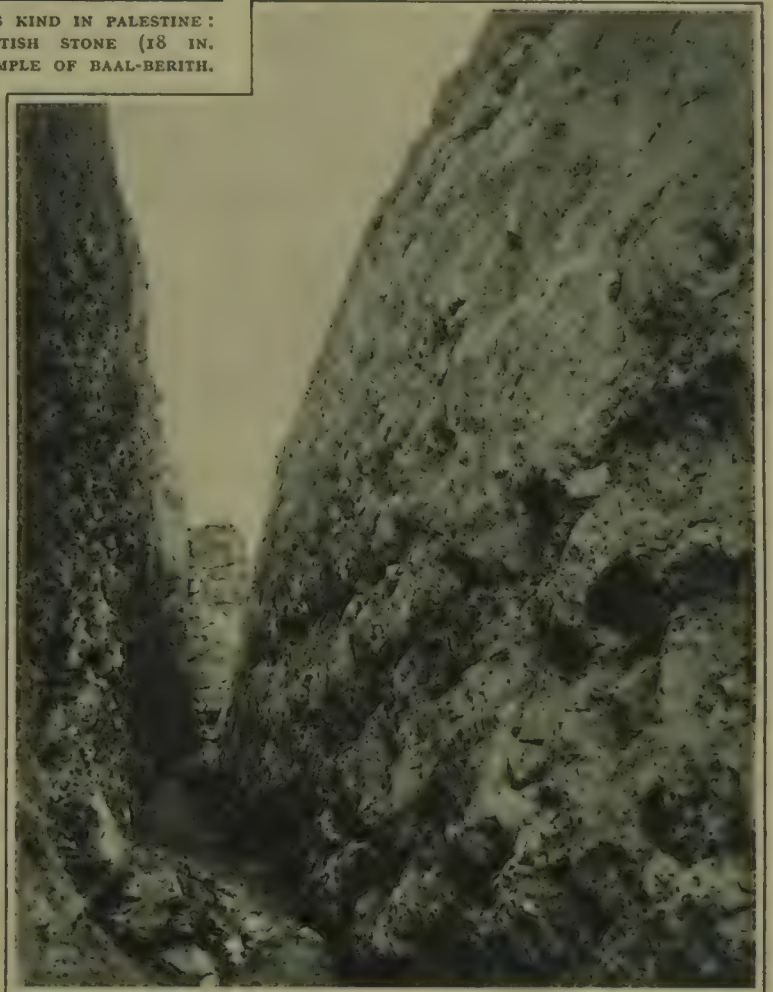
## UNEARTHING A CITY "WALLED UP TO HEAVEN": DISCOVERIES AT SHECHEM, THE GREATEST CANAANITE FORTRESS.



2. UNIQUE OF ITS KIND IN PALESTINE: A CANAANITE FETISH STONE (18 IN. HIGH) AT THE TEMPLE OF BAAL-BERITH.



3. CYCLOPEAN MASONRY: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING SHOWING THE NORTH TOWER-GATE AND FORTRESS TOWER. (WITH 20-METRE SCALE.)



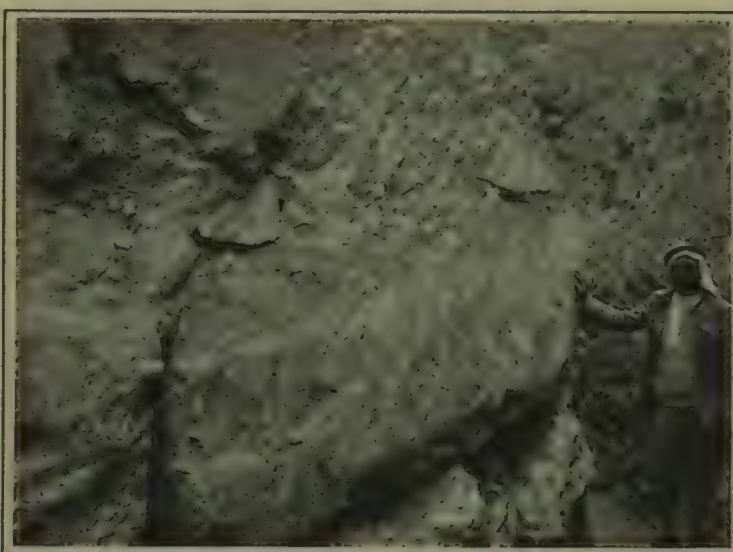
4. "THE GREATEST MONUMENT OF CANAANITE FORTIFICATION UNEARTHED IN PALESTINE": SHECHEM—A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING SHOWING THE EAST TOWER-GATE (ALSO SEEN IN NO. 1) AND (ON RIGHT) THE UPPER WALL OF THE LOWER CITY.



6. GUARDING THE PASS BETWEEN MT. GERIZIM (LEFT FOREGROUND) AND MT. EBAL (LEFT BACKGROUND): THE SITE OF SHECHEM (JUST TO LEFT OF THE OLIVE GROVES AND VILLAGE OF BALATTA) FACING THE PLAIN.

(Continued.)

up to heaven; and moreover we have seen the sons of Anakims there.' (Deut. I., 28.) The fortification system is doubtless connected with a dynamic personality as its builder, whose identity we believe we know. In the Tel-el-Amarna letters, addressed by various rulers in Palestine to Pharaoh Amenophis IV., is mentioned a conqueror named Labaya. His dominion apparently extended from the plain of Esdraelon to Gezer, and he probably resided at Shechem. In one letter he is reported to have given the Chabiru (the Hebrews) the land of Shechem. This is



7. A CYCLOPEAN STONE OF THE TOWER-GATE: ONE OF THE ROUND, CRUDELY HEWN BLOCKS (6 TO 10 FT. LONG) HELD TOGETHER BY CLAY, LIKE THOSE FORMING THE WALL, 40 FT. HIGH AND 9 FT. WIDE.

5. THE CYCLOPEAN WALL OF THE UPPER CITY AT SHECHEM—ITS GIGANTIC DIMENSIONS INDICATED BY THE FIGURE IN THE PASSAGE-WAY IN THE BACKGROUND: A STRUCTURE THAT FORMED THE SUPPORTING WALL OF THE ACROPOLIS OR CITADEL.

the first mention of Shechem, in a historical document, linked with the name of a ruling chief. Although of earlier date, we have a list of 118 cities of Palestine captured by Thutmose III. of Egypt. Shechem is not among them. We can therefore assume that it came into existence as a fortress town after the epoch 1479-1447 B.C. Its chronology, as fixed by archaeological evidence, coincides with that of Labaya, who belongs to the first half of the fourteenth century B.C.; his death is mentioned in the twelfth year of Amenophis IV.—1358."



It has long been the policy of *The Illustrated London News* to give all the help in its power to the movement for the reform of the international trade in worn-out horses. The sordid traffic in the flesh of these wretched creatures—shipped in appallingly miserable conditions from one country to another to be slaughtered and converted into butcher's meat, or else forced to drag out the rag-end of their existence in a further period of hard labour for which most of them are totally unfitted—is a standing disgrace to the common humanity of all the countries engaged in it. No decent-minded human being can read or hear of the tortures inflicted on them without a passionate feeling of indignation, pity, and shame. Happily, there has recently been some reason to hope that the hour of their deliverance is approaching. During the last few months, both in France and England, renewed attention has been drawn to the barbarities of the system, and here and on the Continent public opinion is becoming increasingly alive to the urgent need for putting an end to it with the least possible delay.

In this country the work of humanitarian bodies such as the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the International League Against the Export of Horses for Butchery—the Society founded by the late Miss Cole—has already done much to lessen the number of horses sent abroad for slaughter, and all lovers of animals owe a deep debt of gratitude to the officials of the International League for the appeals made through the High Commissioner for Canada which led the Dominion authorities to take steps which prevented the export of decrepit horses from Canada to Europe. In the last ten or twelve years our own Ministry of Agriculture has also done excellent service by the enforcement of regulations tending to secure more humane treatment for animals sent overseas from the United Kingdom.

Thanks to its efforts, British vessels engaged in the traffic are obliged to provide the poorest class of horses, no less than hunters, polo ponies, and other animals of value, with decent accommodation and an adequate supply of food and water on all voyages to foreign ports; and the Department is further able to claim that, as the law now stands, no animals can be placed



## A SORDID TRAFFIC: THE EVIDENCE IN SUPPORT OF THE

*Drawings by our Special Artist, Bryan de Gineau, from its accuracy and contributed the*

on board ship for export unless they have been certified by its veterinary inspectors as fit to be embarked without cruelty and to work without suffering.

The result of these regulations has been that of late years the traffic in



BOXING HORSES ON BOARD SHIP: ROUGH METHODS EMPLOYED IN FORCING AN ANIMAL TO ENTER A BOX.

"Most of the horses," writes an official observer, "were forced into the box in the following rough manner. A running noose was placed round the neck (just behind the ears), and another round the lower jaw; these were pulled by several men, causing the animal great pain. At the same time he was beaten from behind with a heavy whip, and only as a last resort a tracheal rope was placed round his hindquarters to drag him in. If this had been done at first, he would have been saved much distress."

English horses has been to a large extent converted into a dead-meat trade. A week or so ago the Minister supplied the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with figures showing that last year, with the exception of just over 2000 horses sent to Holland for slaughter immediately on arrival, the whole of the shipments to that country, France, and Belgium consisted of carcasses.

Much, however, still remains to be done. The British Government has necessarily no control over what happens to infirm and worn-out horses once they have been landed on a foreign soil. But, none the less, it must share with the nations that buy them the responsibility for any cruelties of which they may afterwards be the victims, and the hands of this country will not be clean, nor its conscience clear, until their export while still alive is forbidden by the law. Whether they are doomed to be slaughtered or to undertake labour beyond the strength of their poor stricken bodies, it is a national disgrace that they should be sold abroad to fill the pockets of a few British traders with a few paltry pounds.



ENTRAINING HORSES IN RAILWAY WAGONS: A TYPICAL SCENE AT A DOCK AFTER UNLOADING FROM A SHIP.

"Horses were entrained singly, in this manner: A running noose with a long rope attached was placed round the lower jaw and the horse was led to the gangway. Two men then entered the wagon and tried to pull the horse in, while a third beat him from behind with a heavy whip. Then a second running noose was put round his neck and pulled tight, and he was again beaten, until finally, exhausted by the struggle, he was pulled into the wagon."

## EXPORT OF WORN-OUT HORSES. FORTHCOMING BILL FOR ITS ABOLITION.

*Material supplied by an Official Observer, who couched for descriptive notes for the pictures.*

It is therefore to be hoped that when the Exportation of Horses Bill, drafted by Sir George Cockerill under the auspices of the International League, comes up for second reading at an early date in July, it may be more fortunate than previous measures framed on the same lines in securing the attention



UNLOADING HORSES FROM BOXES LOWERED FROM SHIP TO DOCK: AN ANIMAL "TUMBLE OUT ON ITS HEAD."

"As a consequence of the treatment shown in the first illustration, many of the horses arrived in a very disturbed condition. Several were badly cast in the box while being lowered from ship to dock, mostly with their heads over the door. Some of these horses were injured as they fell in a twisted position. When a horse became cast, the back of the box was filled up by the crate and he was tumbled out on his head, while at the same time the box was drawn backwards."

and support of the House of Commons. The purpose of the Bill is exactly defined by the title of the League to which it owes its origin. It aims at the complete suppression of the export of horses for butchery, without, of course, attempting to restrict the export of young, sound, and valuable horses, and of any horse over an age limit of eight years, if certified by the secretary of an approved Horse Society to be worth more than £25 and intended for certain legitimate purposes, such as racing, the stud, polo, hunting, the show ring, and the remount service. The Bill is presented by Colonel Moore, and supported by Mr. John Buchan, Mr. de Rothschild, Mr. Lansbury, Major D'Arcy-Heathcote, Major D'Arcy-Heathcote, Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, Major-General Sir Robert Hutchison, Lord Clydesdale, Mr. Whiteside, Sir Robert Gower, Captain Caralet, and Major Astor. But, even with so influential a body of backers, it is to be feared that it has little chance as a private Bill of becoming law, except after prolonged delay, unless they can succeed in eliciting the sympathy and active support of a large number of their fellow-Members.

Meanwhile, there is some satisfaction in learning from Sir George Cockerill and others that, besides the Ligue Française pour la

Protection du Cheval and similar bodies in Holland and Belgium, the League of Nations is itself showing an increasing disposition to take active steps for the reform of the traffic. The Economic Committee of the League has recently expressed the opinion that the countries concerned in it would probably accept an international convention regulating the transit of animals, and the Executive Committee of the League of Nations Union has decided to table, at a Congress to be held in Paris in July, a resolution impressing upon the Council of the League the importance of protecting animals transported by land or sea from preventable suffering.

Some idea of the extent of these sufferings has been given in reports recently published in the *Internationalist* and in the *Times*, every word of which is confirmed by the accompanying sketches, the material for which was supplied to the artist by an official observer who was present not long ago when a large and typical cargo from South America was landed at a European port and entrained for a twenty-four hours' journey to the slaughter-houses. It is heartrending to think of the vile conditions to which they were exposed during their voyage across the Atlantic, and of the inhumanity with which, maimed and scarred by the kicks and bites of their fellow-sufferers, and beaten with whips and sticks, they were pushed and prodded and dragged, by ropes fastened round their heads and necks, off the boat and into the train.

In an age that prides itself on its humane instincts, it is almost incredible that such things should be tolerated by public opinion. But, unhappily, there is no room for doubt that the accounts given by several competent and independent eye-witnesses are an unexaggerated statement of what happened, and that, so long as the present system is allowed to continue, there is nothing to prevent the repetition of the same story of man's ingratitude in any of the countries to which, under existing conditions, it is the sorry fate of the miserable animals worn out in his service to be consigned. The time has come when all civilised nations should realise the crying need for the root-and-branch reform of the system which inflicts such cruel tortures upon dumb animals.



ON THE WAY FROM THE STATION TO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE STABLE ON REACHING A TOWN: "A PITIFUL PROCESSION."

"The horses were exhausted by the time they reached their destination, some of them having been fifty hours in the railway wagons. They were led three abreast and walked to a dealer's stable. It was a pitiful procession, the greatly exhausted horses sagging from side to side, some so lame that they could only lurch slowly. A big dark-brown horse, incredibly emaciated, was merely tottering along supported by his neighbour. A grey and a black, each lame in both hind-legs, were dragged along by the others."



## THE EVOLUTION OF THE BUREAU AND THE BOOK-CASE IN ENGLAND:

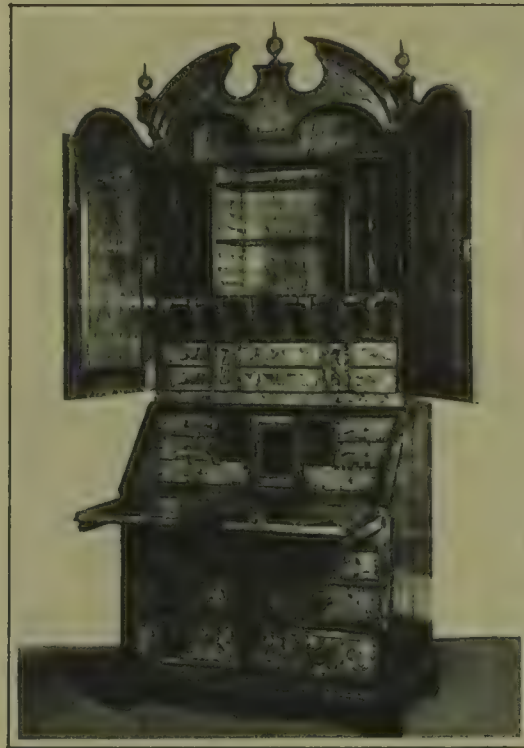


A VERY RARE WILLIAM AND MARY BUREAU, WITH TOP VENEERED WITH FINELY FIGURED BURR-ASH.



A WILLIAM III. WALNUT BUREAU OF ABOUT 1700; WITH BOOK-CASE TOP OF FINELY FIGURED WOOD.

## EXQUISITE SEVENTEENTH- AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLES.



A QUEEN ANNE BUREAU OF ABOUT 1710, WITH A FITTED TOP OF FINELY FIGURED WOOD.



A VERY RARE GEORGE II. MAHOGANY BOOK-CASE, WITH SECRETAIRE AND FOLD-OVER TOP, A FRETTED PEDIMENT, AND ORIGINAL HANDLES.



A VERY RARE GEORGE II. BOOK-CASE BUREAU OF ABOUT 1750, WITH THE UPPER PART EXQUISITELY CARVED. (HEIGHT, 8 FT. 3 IN.; WIDTH, 3 FT. 6 IN.)



A RARE CHIPPENDALE BOOK-CASE OF ABOUT 1760; WITH WRITING-SLIDE AND CUPBOARDS BELOW (FROM LORD PORTMAN'S COLLECTION.)

FROM an inventory of the palace furniture of Whitehall, it would appear that the King had no specific writing-table at the time of Charles I. If this were so, what a significant bearing the fact has on our social history! For centuries, writing had been a messy, laborious business—frequently relegated to priests and secretaries—until, at the end of the seventeenth century, it began to take a place in the routine of elegant society. Only then did the writing-desk and bureau receive the serious attention of master cabinet-makers. In the seventeenth century, a lady who took to writing was something of a prodigy. Margaret Duchess of Newcastle was eccentric, to say the least of it. ("Women live like Bats or Owls," she thought, "labour like Beasts, and die like Worms . . ."). As for Mrs. Aphra Behn, the author of "Oroonoko," she was felt to be "not quite nice." But in the succeeding years we see great ladies of fashion like Catherine Duchess of Queensberry or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu sitting down to indite witty and whimsical epistles to Pope or Dean Swift or Horace Walpole. The writing of letters ceased to be a burden borne by lawyers, business men, and bailiffs, and began to be quite a fashionable diversion. That is the significance of the evolution of the bureau, which we illustrate on this page. The earliest example—of the time of William and Mary—is old enough to have known the aged Evelyn writing the last pages of his diary. From this we pass by examples of Queen Anne and early Georgian styles to the elegant conceptions of Chippendale. "In outline," writes Owen Wheeler in his "Old English Furniture," "the Chippendale bureau differed but little from those of the oak and walnut periods, but it was of far better construction and altogether a finer piece of furniture." All are to be seen in the exhibition of old English furniture, needlework, and silver which opened in the New Bond Street premises of Messrs. Mallett and Son (Bath) on June 13.



A VERY FINE CHIPPENDALE TRIPLE BOOK-CASE; WITH A PIERCED AND CARVED PEDIMENT (HEIGHT, 9 FT. 2 IN.; WIDTH, 8 FT. 3½ IN.)





A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES

and for every mood is the soft, genial flavour of HAIG—

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY WINE POTS AND CUPS.

EXAMPLES FROM THE GEOFFREY E. HOWARD COLLECTION.—By FRANK DAVIS.

Most of the pots that have survived bear no other decoration than the name of the wine—Rhenish, White, Claret (Fig. 3; I), or Sack (or Canary)—the date, and perhaps a flourish or two underneath. Mr. Howard knows of one only marked Rhenish (in the British Museum); Claret is the next rarest; then Whit; while Sack is quite common. Much rarer, and far more decorative, is an example such as Fig. 3 (H), of which a duplicate is in the British Museum. The latter specimen can be traced back to its original owner, a Buckinghamshire Allen, who obviously had a whole set made for his table, with his arms upon each.

There have been various explanations of the curious inscription "Boy" on Fig. 1 (B), a flask rather than a pot, and shaped like the popular "pilgrim" bottle. (Many readers will no doubt remember, in the "Age of Walnut" Exhibition this year at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, a pair of large silver flasks of this character which accompanied John Churchill on his campaigns in the Low Countries.) This is not an unusual inscription on domestic pottery of the period, and the theory used to be that such pieces were made and bought for the boys of the family, and were the seventeenth-century version of the nineteenth-century "present for a good boy." Another suggestion was that current slang for Sack was "Boy," but as no one, as far as I know, produced evidence to this effect from current literature, and the word appears on drinking-vessels which were not likely to have been used for wine, we must set this aside as more ingenious than convincing. Now, however, Mr. Howard informs me that the latest theory is that "Boy" is merely the French "Bois!" Anglicised; what more natural than to inscribe "Drink!" on a wine-pot? No doubt, remembering the extreme unconventionality of our ancestors in the matter of spelling, this is the correct explanation.

How far one can say that cups, such as the remaining illustrations, were intended for wine rather than for other liquids I must leave to the reader's judgment. Those that have survived are mainly decorated, and therefore prized, specimens, and some of them provide us with interesting side-lights on history.

Fig. 2 (D), for example, a cup 3½ in. in height, is inscribed "God send ye King save to Irland." There is no need to remind readers of this page of the great popularity of inscribed Jacobite inscriptions on pottery and glass, but this cup must surely be one of the earliest-known examples, and must be dated just previous to the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. As Mr.

The earlier version, before it was adapted to the use of the reigning house in the eighteenth century, was—

"Send him victorious  
Happy and glorious  
Soon to reign over us."

SOME early drug-jars from Mr. Howard's collection were illustrated and discussed on this page in the issue of May 7; here are more specimens of Lambeth Delft of the same period and from the same source, but whose contents were originally more agreeable and probably less dangerous than the majority of the ingredients sold by the seventeenth-century apothecary. Colour, glaze, and lettering are naturally of similar character; shapes follow more or less the well-established type of the stoneware Rhenish jar, sturdy and pot-bellied. Once upon a time such pots must have existed in their thousands; they are rare to-day, because the ordinary utensils of one generation nearly always suffer from neglect in the next. What eighteenth-century gentleman would have common pottery upon the table when he had his choice of fine



1. THE FASCINATION OF OLD LAMBETH DELFT POTTERY: (A) A POT INSCRIBED "WHIT," FOR WHITE WINE, FROM WHICH CHARLES II. MAY WELL HAVE DRUNK WHEN HE WAS IN HIDING AFTER MARSTON MOOR; AND (B) A FLASK SHAPED LIKE A PILGRIM BOTTLE WITH AN INSCRIPTION WHICH IS PROBABLY A RUDE VERSION OF THE FRENCH EXHORTATION "BOIS!"—DRINK!

glass decanters?—so away went his father's and grandfather's Lambeth to the kitchen and the rubbish heap.

That there is always something new to be discovered about so seemingly obvious a thing as a pot is very well illustrated by Fig. 1 (A), dated 1650, and inscribed John Tomes. It was generally supposed that pots with names upon them were made for particular vintners; this, then, was one of a set made for Tomes, an unknown vintner, and used by him to hold samples of whit—that is, white wine. The pot was lent to the recent Charles II. Exhibition, and was seen there by the descendants of John Tomes, of Long Marston, who wrote to the owner to tell him that Tomes was not a vintner, but the very man in whose house Charles II. took refuge after the Battle of Worcester in 1651. Charles, it will be remembered, was disguised as a servant and put to winding the jack in the kitchen—and very nearly gave himself away by his clumsiness. It is more than likely, therefore, that the fugitive Prince was served with wine out of this very pot.

A more formal, but less romantic, link with the Stuart monarchy is presumably provided by Fig. 3 (J), inscribed Sack, 1648, and surmounted by a crown. The most likely suggestion is that this was one of a series made for use in the Royal Household, though I suppose it is not entirely without the bounds of possibility that a tavern of that name might have had a similar set.



2. EARLY CUPS IN DELFT: (C) A CUP DATED THE YEAR OF THE RESTORATION AND BEARING A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES II.; (D) A CUP BEARING A VERY EARLY JACOBITE INSCRIPTION—"GOD SEND YE KING SAVE TO IRLAND" (3½ IN. HIGH); (E) ONE DATED 1682 AND BEARING A SIMPLE JEST; (F AND G) CUPS DECORATED WITH THE ARMS OF THE CARPENTERS' AND THE LEATHERSELLERS' COMPANIES RESPECTIVELY.

—which makes sense when applied to a monarch in temporary exile, but is rather out of place otherwise. The original first line of our altered Jacobite hymn was "God save great James, our King." It is odd that the word "send" has remained as part of the official version.

Fig. 2 (F and G) are good examples of cups decorated with the arms of City Companies, one, the Carpenters, the other, the Leathersellers. Were they made for the Company and stolen either by a member or by a waiter, or were they made for his own use at home for a member? Fig. 2 (C), dated the year of the Restoration, is a typical example of a familiar shape, and bears a portrait of Charles II.

Such things must have found a ready sale so long as the King's popularity remained. Portraits of individuals on mugs and plates have delighted every generation ever since. At Chequers is a charger depicting Charles I. and his children—I think this is the earliest example of such portraiture. What would we not give for one or two pottery versions of Elizabeth?

Finally, as an odd commentary upon contemporary manners is Fig. 2 (E): "I. M. F., 1682. O I was born to ware the horn"—a horned man holding a goblet, with his wine-jug, long clay pipe, and dicing-box beside him. It is a coarse jest, and one wonders what the victim thought about it. Was he proud of his reputation,

or did his friends torment him by keeping these cups in their homes and producing them when he came to see them? Or am I being too solemn about the matter, and was this cup merely the current humour of some drinking club?



3. DELFT WINE-BOTTLES THAT ADORNED GENTLEMEN'S TABLES BEFORE THE DAYS OF GLASS DECANTERS: (H) A RARE TYPE DECORATED WITH THE ARMS OF ITS ORIGINAL POSSESSOR—AN ALLEN OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE; (I) A JUG FOR CLARET—ONE OF THE RARER TYPES; AND (J) THE COMMONEST TYPE, A JUG FOR SACK (CANARY)—IN THIS CASE BEARING A CROWN WHICH MAY INDICATE THAT IT WAS MADE FOR THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

Howard points out, this inscription is a reminder of the origin of the National Anthem, in which we still pray—

"Send him victorious  
Happy and glorious  
Long to reign over us,"



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## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## ENGLISH BALLET.

WE English used to be great dancers as well as great musicians before the Puritan movement, in its excesses, killed music and dancing as popular arts in England and left them to be merely the entertainments provided by foreigners for the Court only. But, just as a revival of music came with the twentieth century, under the influence of Sullivan, Stanford, and other English musicians trained in Germany, so Diaghilev and his famous Russian company (whose success in England was even greater and more prolonged than in Paris, and much greater than in Germany) have been the cause of a great revival of ballet dancing in this country. The Camargo Society, in the first week of its present season at the Savoy Theatre, has put on no fewer than six different ballets, which I will mention in detail presently. All these productions are of exceptional merit, and the technical standard of the corps de ballet, which is wholly English, is astonishingly good, and can stand comparison with the old Russian company of Diaghilev. During the present season about seventeen different ballets will be presented, and this achievement is only made possible by the existence of excellent schools of ballet, such as the Ballet Club under Marie Rambert and Frederick Ashton, and to the fact that ballet has now become a part of the Vic-Wells repertory, which now consists of ballet, Shakespeare, and opera.

## THE NEW AND THE OLD.

The novelty on the first night was "High Yellow," a sort of negroid ballet, with jazz music by Spike Hughes and choreography by Buddy Bradley and Ashton. Taken by itself this is an amusing trifle, but in contrast with the other items in the programme it came off badly. In the first place, the music is really boring. There is no doubt that jazz of every species, and under whatever new name it tries to conceal its poverty, is on its last legs. Its excessive monotony of rhythm and paucity of invention are not compensated for by the metronomic jiggling of the body of the conductor, and the other tricks by which jazz-players try to infuse artificial life into their concoctions. Also, the persistence of a rigid two-in-a-bar metre is exasperating to anybody with more than a primitive sense of rhythm. What a contrast the old-fashioned ballet

of "Le Lac des Cygnes," with music by Tchaikovsky and choreography by Petipa, provided! Actually, this ancient ballet seemed far more modern and indescribably more enjoyable than the pseudo up-to-date "High Yellow." Such are the revenges Time brings, and, since there is nothing so old-fashioned as the fashion of yesterday, "Le Lac des Cygnes," which belongs to the eighteen-seventies, seems to-day more "advanced" than the "High Yellow" of the—metaphorically speaking—night before last.

Only the second act of "Le Lac des Cygnes" was given. The music is Tchaikovsky at his most pleasing, full of romanticism and atmosphere, and Sir Thomas Beecham, who conducted, gave it all the refinement and delicacy it demanded. The *décor* by Duncan Grant was delightful; the chief share in the dancing was Olga Spessiva's, who not only danced excellently, but achieved just the right atmosphere.

## BLAKE'S "JOB."

"Job," with music by Vaughan Williams, choreography by Ninette de Valois, and *décor* by Gwendolen Raverat, after Blake, is one of the most successful creations of the Camargo Society. Mr. Constant Lambert has been very successful in his arrangement of Vaughan Williams's music, and the music is one of the strongest features of this ballet. The other is Anton Dolin's magnificent performance as Satan. Some of the choreography is good, but I do not think the more pastoral scenes and the epilogue are successful. The choreography is best when Satan is on the scene.

## THREE SUCCESSES.

Three other ballets presented during the past week are completely successful. "Façade" has just the gaiety and extravagance and verve which "High Yellow" lacks. The music by William Walton has more invention and variety, the choreography by Frederick Ashton is both clever and fanciful, and the *décor* by John Armstrong is completely appropriate. In addition, we have the incomparable Lydia Lopokova in her most bewitching style. But I must not omit to give Mr. Frederick Ashton his due. His "Tango Pasodoble" with Lopokova is amazingly good. It is not only his own invention, but he dances and mimes in it with a very exceptional talent. Mr. Ashton's versatility is shown by the entirely different style of his choreography to "Mars and Venus,"

with music by Scarlatti, orchestrated by Constant Lambert. This is an exquisite short ballet, and one that has a very special beauty which lingers in the mind after more immediately exciting ballets have faded from it. In this, Miss Pearl Argyle and Mr. William Chappell were excellent. The third ballet, "The Enchanted Grove," has music by Maurice Ravel, choreography by Rupert Doone, and costumes and *décor* by Duncan Grant. In this ballet the chief contribution is made by Mr. Duncan Grant, whose *décor* is fascinating. In Mr. Duncan Grant, who is, of course, one of our best-known English artists, we have a designer of stage settings comparable to the best French designers, such as Picasso, Matisse, and Braque, who made Diaghilev's ballets famous all over the world.

In short, the Camargo season is a season of truly English ballet, in which we first represented the work of the younger generation of musicians, choreographers, artists, and dancers. Their achievements to date are in every respect far superior to anything in the art of ballet that has been done in this country before, and they thoroughly deserve the support of the large and enthusiastic audiences which are crowding to the Savoy.

W. J. TURNER.

## "HOCUS POCUS," AT THE GARRICK.

THIS is an unusual and jolly comedy. Johann Liebl is a poor painter whose work is above the heads of the public. When, however, they are led to believe that his paintings are the work of his sixteen-year-old son, the art patrons flock to a private view of his pictures at Keppler's Art Gallery, and pay competitive prices for them. This scene is a very amusing satire, and Herr Walter Janssen's half-amused anger, as Johann Liebl, when he is told to his face that the supposed work by his son is vastly superior to his, is well done. The "connoisseurs," when they discover the fraud, are too ashamed to make much protest, and are, indeed, consoled by the reflection that the work is at any rate good, even if not painted by an infant prodigy. Miss Adèle Dixon gives a charming performance as an art patron who falls in love with Johann Liebl. Herr Walter Janssen acts in a breezy manner; and first-class performances are contributed by Mr. Frank Cellier, Mr. Henry Mollison, and Mr. Herbert Lomas.

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## MIDSUMMER FASHIONS: LACE AND CHIFFON.



A DRESS IN DAYLIGHT COLOURINGS: CRÊPE-DE-CHINE IN SHADES OF GREEN WITH TOUCHES OF WHITE AND PINK.

Exquisite colourings that look equally well in hard daylight as by artificial illumination distinguish the graceful evening frock above, which has the new uneven hemline. It is of printed crêpe-de-Chine, which is smart this summer, and the design is unusually distinctive. The dress may be obtained for ten-and-a-half guineas in the model gown salon at Marshall and Snelgrove's.



FOR IMPORTANT SUMMER ENGAGEMENTS: AN ANKLE-LENGTH FROCK OF CREAM LACE OVER APPLE-GREEN, WITH A CAPELINE IN GREEN SILK.

Ascot is the prelude to many social day-time functions where elaborate toilettes are worn. Women naturally like to make the most of every opportunity to wear a really becoming picture hat and a decorative dress. For the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, Goodwood, garden parties, and other important engagements is designed the charming ensemble pictured above. The diagonal lines on the skirt are slimming, and the original capeline tying at the back is useful as well as decorative. The price is only five-and-a-half guineas complete at Gorringes, in the Buckingham Palace Road.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLACE HEATON.

## COTTON AND CREPE-DE-CHINE AT NIGHT.



THE VOGUE FOR COTTON EVENING DRESSES: A DÉBUTANTE'S FROCK IN PIQUÉ DE NUIT, WITH A GARLAND OF FLOWERS.

The vogue for cotton evening frocks has become an astonishing success. There are two variations, cotton printed with flowers or stripes, and piqué. The latter is softer in effect, and the dress photographed above shows how charming it can be. It costs only ninety-eight shillings and sixpence at Debenham and Freebody's, where there are delightful exponents of the mode.



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THE fashions for the summer season, are full of interest this year, for they include some definite innovations. In the day-time, for the more formal social engagements, ankle-length dresses are again in favour. Angel-skin-lace is a newcomer for these frocks, and lace of all kinds is popular. For the evening, cotton has scored a signal victory. Piqué dresses with Hawaiian garlands are seen everywhere. They are not only smart, but are pleasantly inexpensive. For the older woman, printed crêpe-de-Chine is distinctive. For sports, openwork hand-knitted woollies are quite indispensable. There are any amount of effective designs in these to be found at the Shetland Industries, 92, George Street, Baker Street, where the jersey pictured on the right costs thirty shillings, and the cardigan thirty-five shillings. For showery hot weather, the full length weatherproof on left, from Aquascutum, of 100, Regent Street, is excellent. It is light, reliable, and costs only three guineas.



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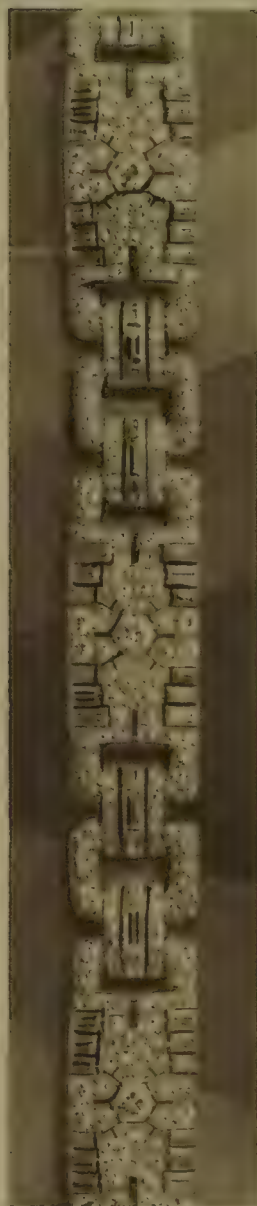




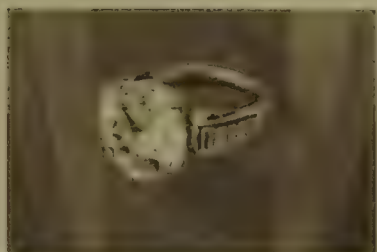
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## TORQUAY: THE ENGLISH RIVIERA.

IN distributing her gifts Nature has indeed been generous to Torquay. Tennyson referred to it as "the most lovely sea village in England"; Ruskin, as "The Italy of England"; and Napoleon, when a captive on the *Bellerophon*, exclaimed, "*Enfin, voilà un beau pays!*" Within the last 100 years Torquay has passed from a sea village to a borough of over 46,000 inhabitants, and yet she has never lost her almost indefinable charm which so amply merits her title of "Queen of the English Riviera." The seven hills which surround Tor Bay, and the natural contour which they induce, have provided a wonderful setting for the skilled hand of man to develop the present modern resort from a mere cluster of dwellings.

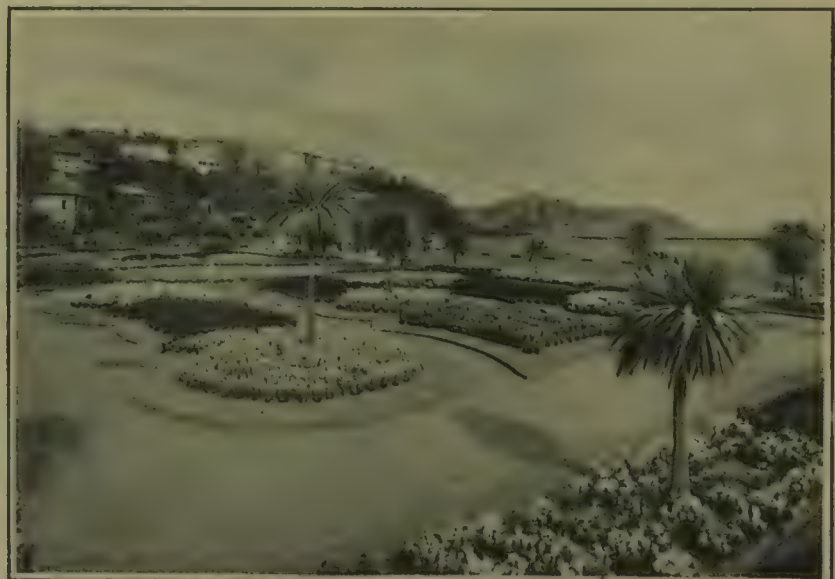
The beauty and dignity of Torquay is particularly impressive from the sea and from the opposite shore of the bay, whence she presents a series of verdure-



ONE OF TORQUAY'S NUMEROUS PICTURESQUE BATHING BEACHES: ODDICOMBE BEACH, BABBACOMBE.

clad hills dotted with imposing residences. These buildings along the whole undulating stretch of sea-front are surrounded by large gardens which have preserved a delightful atmosphere of spaciousness and grace, and the Corporation in their town-planning scheme have wisely purchased the freehold of other open spaces and beauty-spots to maintain this charm. The traveller who arrives by rail is fortunate in his first impressions, for he sees a glorious panorama of bay and hillside unfolded before him, giving promise of a wealth of scenic beauty which awaits exploration. The very trains, too, would seem to possess a wish to leave nature unspoiled, so unobtrusively do they slip in and out of Torquay, and the cunning concealment of the railway is a splendid asset.

Within the confines of the actual borough are such famous beauty-spots as Cockington Village and Babbacombe and the beautiful Torre Abbey property, which overlooks Tor Bay and which has recently been acquired by the Corporation for the use of the public; so that it is possible to imagine oneself in the heart of rural England, though only a few minutes by car from centres of fine residences and modern shops, such is the diversity of scene. Babbacombe may almost be described as a resort within a resort, for, although connected with the town centre by a continuous succession of houses inland, the walk by the cliffs leads past the famous Anstey's Cove, erstwhile haunt of smugglers; round the Bishop's Walk, which directly overlooks the sea below; and so on to the broad Marine Drive, which commands, from the top of the cliffs, a glorious seascape before dipping down the hill to join the road. The view from Babbacombe Downs is superb, and on clear days carries the eye to distant Portland Bill, whilst in the more immediate coastline will be observed Teignmouth and Dawlish.



THE ABBEY PARK AT TORQUAY: GARDENS RICH IN FLOWERS AND PALMS

Tor Bay, which forms part of the Great West Bay, is a constant source of interest, for across the water pass craft of all descriptions—the Brixham fishing fleet bearing its catches to Torquay Harbour, the tramp steamers with coal and other cargo, large sailing-vessels, private yachts, speed-boats, and the ships of the Fleet. In Tor Bay itself, as well as at Babbacombe, the summer season sees many of the well-known racing yachts in the annual regattas.

The broken nature of the coast gives Torquay some seven or eight bathing-beaches with safe bathing, the most popular bathing point in the summer season being the Torre Abbey Sands, in the centre of the bay. Skirting the Torre Abbey Sands is the wide Tor Bay Road, which is fringed on the inland side by the beautiful Abbey Gardens, rich in palms and ornamental flower-beds,





A WATERING-PLACE OF GREAT BEAUTY AND THE SCENE OF IMPORTANT ANNUAL REGATTAS: TORQUAY FROM THE ROCK WALK, WITH THE HARBOUR AND THE PAVILION IN THE FOREGROUND.

and the famous Rock Walk, where a wealth of sub-tropical foliage bears testimony to the softness of the climate. The coloured flood-lighting of the Rock Walk nestling under Waldon Hill, and the myriads of coloured lights in the neighbouring Princess Gardens, present a nocturnal scene of surpassing charm. It is this wonderful equability of climate, enhanced by her other natural assets, that gives Torquay the advantage of claiming her numerous visitors at all seasons of the year; she is naturally sheltered on the north, east, and west, and, whilst frosts are rare and severe snow is hardly ever seen, flowers bloom outdoors all through the year.

Amongst the many places of interest which may be visited from Torquay as a centre are Buckfast Abbey, Berry Pomeroy Castle, Compton Castle, Totnes, Dartmouth and the River Dart, Dartmoor, with its rugged grandeur, the Cathedral town of Exeter, etc. The municipality is not content, however, that Torquay should depend solely upon its natural advantages, and has therefore ensured other amenities. The music-lover will enjoy the programmes of the fine Municipal Orchestra in the Winter Season at the Pavilion; whilst the Summer Season brings the Municipal Military Band to the Princess Gardens, on the sea

front. Star artists of world-wide repute, visits of famous conductors, and a Musical Festival which attracts national attention are amongst events which focus attention upon Torquay. For those who are fond of dancing there is a continuous programme through the year.

To the devotee of outdoor sport are available tennis-courts which attract international matches; the well-known Torquay Rugby Athletic Club; the Torquay Cricket Club; Association football; sea angling, bathing, and boating. The hotel and other accommodation for visitors meets the demand of every taste and pocket, ranging from the luxury hotel to modest private rooms. Another asset which is of particular advantage to Torquay is her well-appointed medical baths, where the well-known forms of spa treatment, medico-electrical treatment, etc., are administered on correct lines. The soft winter climate places Torquay at a particular advantage in this connection at

that season of the year, when so many residents in these islands have been in the habit of paying a visit abroad for spa treatment. The Torquay natural mineral drinking-water is of the same type as that of Evian and Vittel, and is extensively taken by the visitor either at the baths or through the hotel service.



THE MEDICAL BATHS AT TORQUAY—AN AMENITY FOUND AT FEW ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES: A VIEW OF THE WOODED CLIFFS WITH THE BATHS IN THE DISTANCE AT THE WATER'S EDGE.

## "HOLIDAY HAUNTS."

PART of the enjoyment of a holiday is the planning beforehand and the weighing-up of the rival attractions of each prospective place. If you have decided that the beautiful West Country shall be your goal, then the little book, "Holiday Haunts," published by the Great Western Railway, will be a mine of valuable information. The book costs only 6d.; obtainable everywhere, and contains not only



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### "THE VINEGAR TREE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

THIS is a witty and amusing comedy. Mrs. Merrick is an attractive matron with an elderly husband, so when she is invited by her sister to renew her acquaintance with Max Lawrence, an artist whom she had loved in her girlhood, she was delighted at the prospect of resuming what had been rather more than a flirtation. Max, however, is having an affair with the sister, and the position is further complicated when Leone, the daughter, anxious to develop her "sex experience" by having a love affair with an experienced man of the world, sets her cap at him. There is a moment of real feeling in



THE CHARM OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE AT BARBIZON HOUSE: "STEYNING CHURCH"—ONE OF THE PICTURES AT PRESENT EXHIBITED THERE BY BERTRAM NICHOLLS, P.R.B.A.

Mr. Nicholls was recently elected President of the Royal Society of British Artists. He has also been for some years President of the Manchester Academy. His exhibition at Barbizon House (9, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W.1) includes landscapes from the South of France and many Italian scenes.

the third act, when Mrs. Merrick seeks to persuade her daughter not to clope with a man twenty-five years her senior, pointing out that he will be a peevish and somnolent old man when she is still in her prime. The girl is convinced when her mother declares that her father, whom she only knows as a senile, disagreeable ancient, was at the time of her marriage as fascinating a man of the world as Max. So she decides to run off with her boy lover, leaving Max to continue his affair with Winifred, and Mrs. Merrick to console herself with memories. The comedy is brilliantly produced and acted.

Miss Marie Tempest has a part that suits her admirably, and Mr. W. Graham Browne is amusing as her doddering husband. Miss Barbara Hoffs, Miss Celia Johnson, and Mr. Henry Daniell were all good, and a particularly pleasant and natural performance was given by Mr. Louis Hayward as the youthful lover.

### "THE PRICE OF WISDOM," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Mrs. Temple was a lady who believed, like the swans, that the young should be driven from their parents when of an age to fend for themselves. She duly "pecked off" her only daughter, Iridion, giving her the not inconsiderable sum of one hundred thousand pounds with which to feather a nest of her own. Having thus done what she considered to be her duty, she was rightly annoyed when Iridion burst

in upon her retirement, and demanded her assistance so that she could make the fortune of a young man who accompanied her, and subsequently marry him. The young man, it appeared, had invented

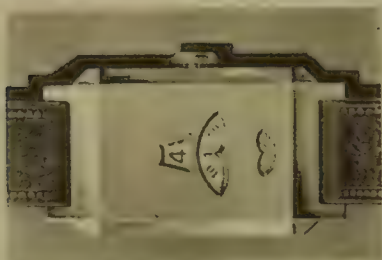


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(of all things!) a sauce, but Alfred Byng, the Con-diment King, threatens to "smash" him from motives of jealousy. Mrs. Temple's maternal instincts did not urge her to rush to the help of her daughter; it was the suggestion of an old friend, Colonel Eyton, that Anno Domini had robbed her of her charm that aroused her to action. Armed with a lipstick and a powder puff, she prepared to combat the Pickle King, first fascinating him with her charm, and subsequently blackmailing him into withdrawing his opposition to the flotation of the hero's sauce. Miss Irene Vanbrugh gave a delicious performance as Mrs. Temple, and Mr. Whitmore Humphreys was very likable as the hero.

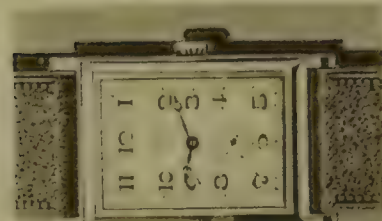
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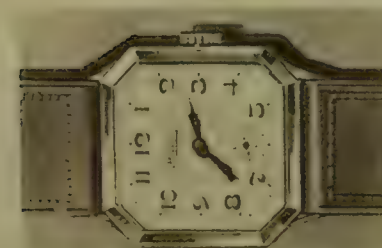
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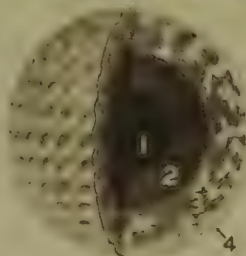
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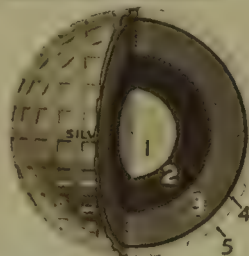
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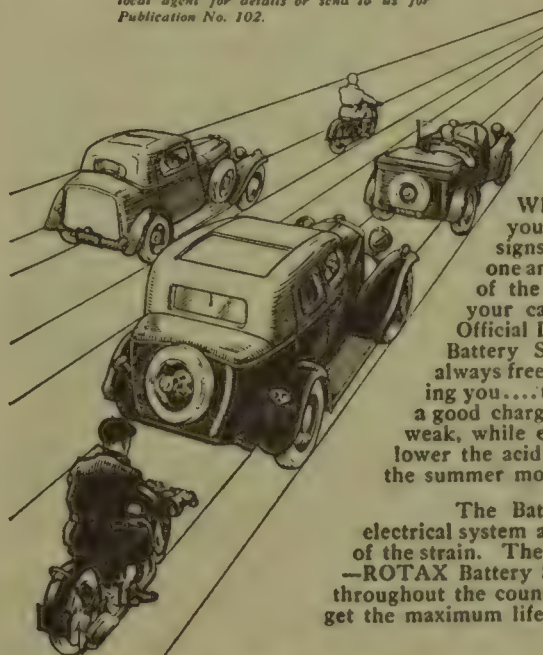
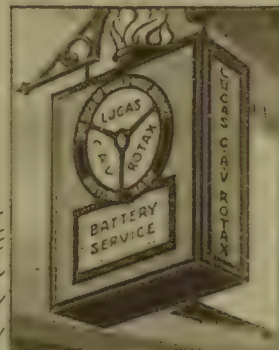
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## THE LURE OF NORWAY.

NORWAY in summer is a smiling land of blue skies, sunshine, roses, and vivid green foliage. As a background to these softer beauties there are, however, the immense mountains with their snow-clad peaks, and the vast waters of the fjords stretching away from bright red chalets and green mountain-pastures to far-off blue-grey ranges. The many quaint and gay little townships on the shores of the fjords are often strangely reminiscent of large Alpine villages. Casting a glamour over all is the indefinable atmosphere of the sea and ships. It is the land of the Vikings.

There are more ways than one of visiting Norway in complete comfort during the spring and summer months. Although big vessels such as the C.P.R. liner *Empress of Australia* make the fjords accessible in a delightful manner at a cost not greater than a sojourn of equal duration at any seaside resort, it is not everyone who desires to live aboard ship for either a week or a month. For the land-lover there is the regular service from Newcastle to Bergen by the fastest motor-vessel in the world, and the only 7000-ton liner employed permanently on what is really a cross-Channel service.

New motor highways across the mountain passes, from the picturesque hamlets at the head of the

fjords to Eastern Norway and the fine city of Oslo, have been constructed. Excellent motor-car services soon introduce the traveller to a highland scenery of wild grandeur, to such glacier-lands as those of the Haukeli Fjeld or the Jotunheimen, and to the forests



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and lakes of such famous beauty-spots as Valdres and the Telemarken. Norway is a veritable paradise for sportsmen. Only 2 per cent. of the country is cultivated, the remainder being wild forest and rugged mountain. Excellent trout-fishing is to be

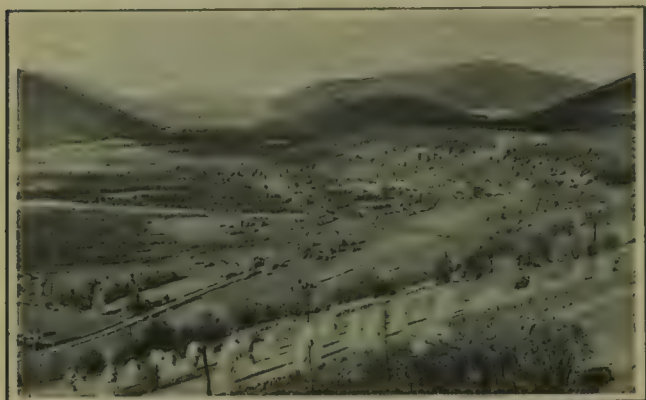
had for the asking at charming country inns amid ideal surroundings for a bracing holiday, with some of the finest scenery in Europe all around. The charges at many of these chalet-hotels are so reasonable that from twelve to fourteen shillings a day covers all expenses, including the fishing.

Then there is Oslo, the capital, a fine city standing at the head of the Kristiania Fjord. Here is Karl Johan's Gate, a picturesque thoroughfare of gardens and fine buildings where the life and fashion of the city meet, and the Folk Museum, with its well-preserved Viking Ship dating from the ninth century, which form the principal attractions. It is difficult to give any idea of the strange lure of

the fjords. The scenery consists of a fascinating mixture of snow-capped mountains, waterfalls, forests, lakes, wild flowers, quaint villages, and farms, but it is due, very largely, to the atmospheric effects that these valleys have the appearance of fairy glens. Then there is the fascinating sea-faring and mountaineering life of the people of such places as Bergen, with its ships, its funicular railway, and its gay markets; Molde, with its wild flowers and its curiosities; Tromsø, largely visited by Lapps with their reindeer, and possessing an interesting Arctic Museum; and Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, where there is no sunset during the six weeks of mid-summer.

Those who prefer land to sea travel can journey north, far beyond the Arctic Circle, in the extremely comfortable carriages of the State Railways. By this means of transport, perhaps supplemented by a few motor-car drives, the beauty-spots of the wild Northland can be reached and enjoyed without the discomfort of travel off the beaten track. The midnight sun is a phenomenon

of the Arctic summer night which has to be seen to be properly appreciated. It is from the North Cape or Spitzbergen that its beauties can best be judged. There is a peculiar glamour in this display of nature at the very top of the inhabited world.



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MIDSUMMER READING,

THE younger German authors are finding their way to the English public. The translation by Aourousseau of Hans Rosenkrantz's "El Greco and Cervantes" (Davies; 10s. 6d.) introduces us to a book with a significant address to the present generation, between whose art and el Greco's Herr Rosenkrantz finds an interesting parallel. He draws attention to the complementary likeness between the two great contemporaries; and he observes that the search for what lies beyond beauty—the quest of the moderns—is apparent in el Greco's masterpieces. It is a far cry from his men of the inner vision to "Ludendorff," the tragedy of a specialist (Allen and Unwin; 16s.), by Karl Schuppiak, translated by W. H. Johnston. Ludendorff was exact in his military science, and at the same time possessed of the fatal tendency to measure discipline and courage in terms of a rococo heroism. He was, as many experts are, incapable of accepting an innovation. The confounding onslaught of the first tanks upon the German official mentality is very well brought out. Ludendorff's stubborn creed was fixed on the old Teutonic god who decreed life as strife, so that his chosen people—Ludendorff's Germans—might reach perfection. How the rigid attitude of the Prussian General Staff favoured us we knew well enough when they left the moral consequences of the unlimited submarine campaign out of their calculations. In "Battleships in Action" (Heffer and Sons; 10s. 6d.) H. W. Wilson covers the history of naval war from the introduction of armour to the close of the Great War, and all the important points are clearly dwelt with. It is the first English publication fully to utilise the mass of important information about the Battle of Jutland that has appeared in the latest volume of the German official history, including the startling light that the German authority throws on certain episodes of the battle. This is a standard work, in two volumes, of extraordinarily good value at the price at which it is offered; and it should have a permanent place in every English library.

"A History of Capital Punishment" (Sampson Low; 12s. 6d.), by John Laurence, and "Tinker's Kitchen" (Philip Allen; 7s. 6d.), by Arthur R. L. Gardner, deal with State treatment of the criminal. The first is grimly historical, while the second wraps up its serious intentions in light-hearted fiction.

Mankind has taken immemorial centuries to arrive at even the attempt to inflict the death penalty humanely, and Mr. Laurence's review in detail of the slow progression from the lingering to the lesser torment is a study of painful interest. Mr. Gardner is very tender with his youths of the London underworld, who are social pests, for all their loyalty to each other. He believes that his typical George and Harry, when released from prison, will wish to become ordinary men earning their living in some permissible way. He at any rate does not condemn, and he shows cause why society should do some hard thinking about its responsibilities towards them. "Tinker's Kitchen" is a story that appeals.

F. W. Memory's "Memory's" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.) is another book throwing fresh light on crime and criminals, as well as on many strange affairs that have made exciting Press copy, and others, equally sensational, that are the ones the newspapers do not print. An adventurous member of the *Daily Mail* staff, he has had inside knowledge of the circumstances that led to famous trials, and of the Irish ante- and post-Treaty rebellions. "Unconsidered Trifles" (Secker; 6s.), by Compton Mackenzie, is a fascinating selection. It includes his broadcasting talk on Siamese cats, an appreciation unlikely to have been forgotten by any cat-lover who had the joy of hearing it. With the holidays rising above the summer horizon, and Mr. Mackenzie so eloquent of happy islands, this can be recommended as the ideal holiday book.

Myrtle Johnson, of "Hanging Johnny" fame, keeps up her reputation with "The Maiden" (Murray; 7s. 6d.). Her sense of underlying values is very acute. The point she makes with greatest effect is the force of Maria Kuntzen's character. Maria who, masquerading as a sea-captain, could dominate a crew of ruffians, was defeated by the tragedy of another maiden; to every other assault upon her resolution she was invulnerable. "The Maiden" is a strongly dramatic piece of work.

No book list is complete without its detective novel; and "Dead Men at the Folly" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by John Rhode, is a capital yarn of the type we expect from the "Crime Club." A lonely Folly—most people who know England can think of one—with two battered corpses in succession spread-eagled on the turf below it, is as good a starting-point as one could wish for the latest thriller.

A HOLIDAY APPEAL.

AT this time of the year all sections of a sorely tried world are thinking in terms of a holiday. For some this holiday will materialise, but for others it will remain a thought and an unfulfilled longing.

The Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb has asked us specially to stress the cause of the blind deaf. In the case of these unfortunate people, however great their physical sufferings, the mental ones are infinitely worse. Loneliness is practically inevitable in their lives, and the Association always makes a special effort to give the blind deaf a change for two or three weeks at the seaside or in the country during the summer. Contributions for this most worthy cause should be sent to the offices of the Association, at 413, Oxford Street, W.1.

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, who have the responsibility of 1100 poor boys and girls, report to us that their subscriptions and donations show a sad diminution. Their work grows, if possible, more arduous year by year, and any contributions sent to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue will earn their most heartfelt gratitude. This organisation has been established for nearly ninety years, and deserves all the support it can get.

No words of ours are needed to commend to our readers the cause of the Cancer Hospital. The overwhelming expenses connected with its research work—to quote only one item—entail a ceaseless demand on the funds available. The Secretary, Mr. J. Courtney Buchanan, will be most grateful for any assistance, and donations should be sent to his office in the Fulham Road, S.W.3.

At holiday time the enormous Barnardo "family" makes a strong appeal. Our pages have several times contained statistics which show the magnitude of the work being done by Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and now comes the opportunity of sending some of the Barnardo children on their annual holiday, a holiday which is in many cases as necessary for their health as for their enjoyment. The Honorary Treasurer appeals from his office at 26, Stepney Causeway, E.1, for contributions to this movement.

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stages of the disease, a certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain. Help is urgently needed to meet the cost of the New Wing, which comprises a Radiological Department and accommodation..now provided for the first time..for "middle income" patients who can contribute towards their cost.

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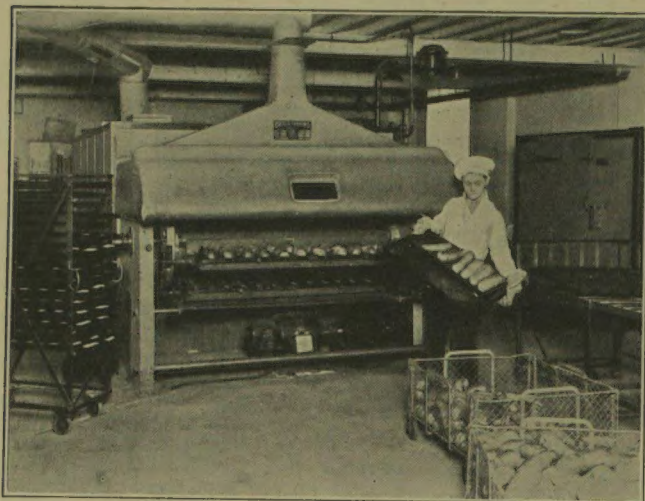
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## ITEMS OF VARIED INTEREST.

**Summer Flower Perfumes.** Perfumes of the Oriental type are too heavy in the summer for the taste of the fastidious woman. Flower perfumes, on the contrary, seem to gain in charm and freshness with exposure to the warm,



"ENERGEN" BREAD IN THE MAKING: AT AN OVEN IN THE FIRM'S WILLEDEN FACTORY.

"Energen" bread is a British product whose ingredients are intended to answer perfectly the requirements of the human constitution with the correct balancing of vitamins. The oven seen is one of the latest designs.

flower-scented air. Fortunately, one of the most celebrated English perfumers, Floris of Jermyn Street, specialises in unusual flower scents. His latest perfume he has christened "Sweet Briar," and it actually diffuses the exquisite wild rose fragrance that is so delightful to lovers of the English countryside. "Freesia," "Malmaison," and "Roman Hyacinth" are other favourite perfumes which really do bring with them the perfumes of the flowers they represent. They are quite inexpensive and can be obtained for 6s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and upwards in the Floris salons, together with powders and bath crystals to match. "Bathofloris," the concentrated bath essence, is particularly refreshing. "Lemon Thyme" is the

latest variety, and blends amazingly well the refreshing lemon smell and the elusive scent of wild thyme.

### Everything from Scotland.

The Scottish industry of tweed and woollens is famous throughout the world, and one can be sure of obtaining the genuine product at the Scotch House in Knightsbridge. This firm is a London shop-window for the whole of Scotland. Tartans, kilts, Harris tweeds—everything can be found there, made up into suits, etc., by an experienced West-End tailor. For general holiday use, the vast collection of rugs in real tartan, ranging from 10s. 9d. to £5 5s., offers a really useful bargain; and plaid and Shetland shawls for travelling range from 25s.

### Modern Comfort for the Invalid.

Anyone who has been compelled to rest in bed for some considerable period knows the relief of being allowed to leave it for the first time. This initial stage of convalescence is reached far more quickly nowadays, owing to the co-operation of the medical profession with the designers of invalid furniture. J. Foot and Son, of 168, Great Portland Street, who specialise in this type of accessory, have evolved a perfect adjustable reclining chair. It has an automatic adjustable back that can be lowered to any angle by the occupant pressing a small button and leaning back until the required position is obtained.

The sides open outwards, providing easy access or exit. The whole chair can be converted into an ordinary-looking armchair in a second. Full details of this "Burlington" chair are contained in the well-illustrated catalogue which will be sent post free to all readers on-request.

### Balancing Your Diet.

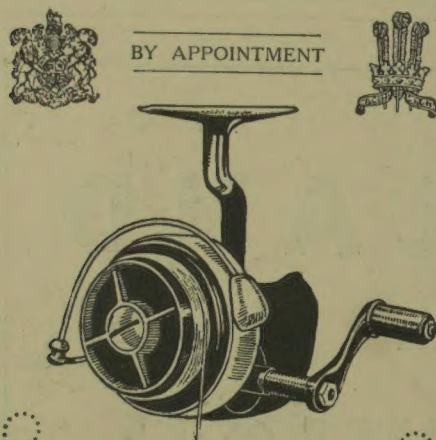
Diet that really contributes to general well-being—in health as well as in sickness—is balanced. It ensures that the three chief food elements are taken in correct proportions. These three are protein

(gluten), carbo-hydrates (starch, etc.), and fat. So haphazard are the average person's habits in eating and drinking, that sooner or later he probably suffers in some degree from what are known as "illnesses due to faulty assimilation." The chief culprit in such illnesses is excess of starch, and, as the main article of human food is still bread, it is that "staff of life" that has been analysed and has led to the invention of Energen bread. Energen bread has been created to answer perfectly the requirements of the human constitution. In it the starch of ordinary flour has been greatly reduced, there is no yeast, and the protein, or nourishing element, is accurately increased. It is crisply delicious to eat, it keeps indefinitely in any climate, and, besides being inexpensive, it is made in a number of attractive shapes. There are also Energen biscuits, rusks, and Energen semolina, tapioca, and macaroni. It is absolutely British, and visitors are gladly welcome at the model factory at Willesden.



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The finest leathers and expert craftsmanship are used in these bags from J. C. Vickery, of Regent Street, W. The centre one is in morocco and has under the mirror a cigarette case, with a receptacle for matches at the side. On the left is a bag of chameleon-skin, beautifully marked. On the right is a special guinea bag of real morocco that is a wonderful investment.



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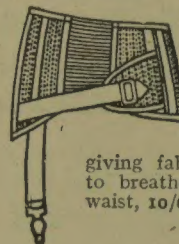
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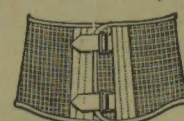
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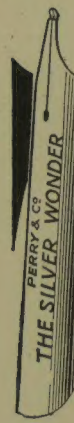
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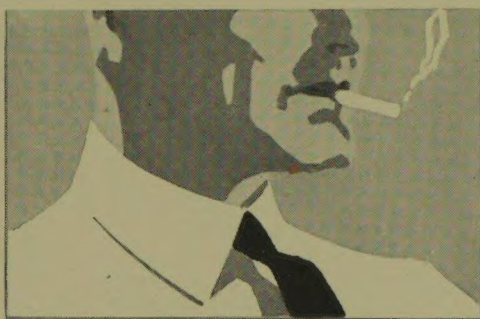
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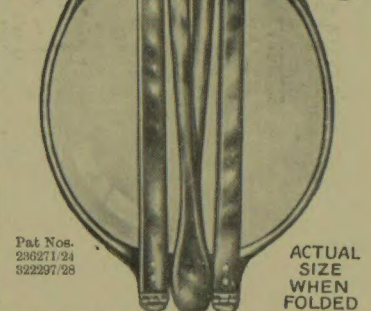
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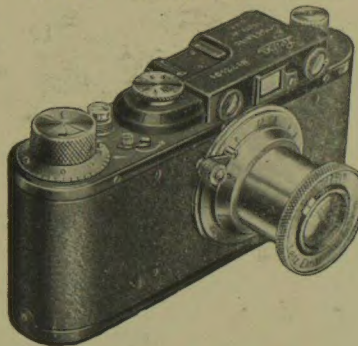
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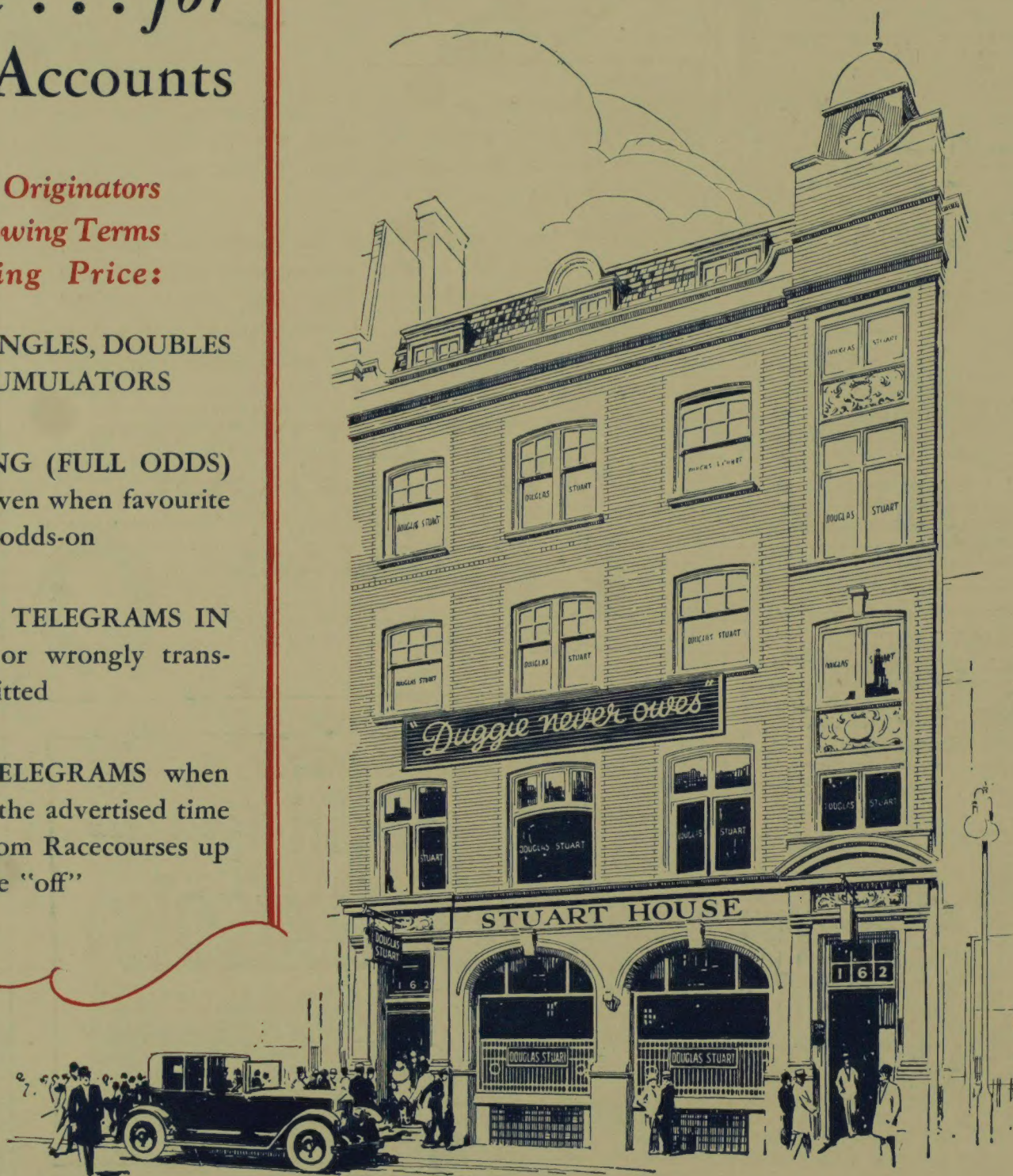
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